

The American Girl

A Magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls Who Love Scouting

Volume V, Number 7

APRIL, 1922

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Home Number

The AMERICAN GIRL

Effective April 1, 1922

STANDARD PRICE LIST FOR GIRL SCOUT EQUIPMENT

Important Notice

There have been so many complaints in regard to the poor quality of the safety clasp Tenderfoot pin that it has been decided to discontinue this 20c pin and replace it by a 15c pin made of better material which may be polished easily and without destroying the surface. There has been almost no demand for the Girl Scout doll. Therefore, it has been discontinued.

UNIFORMS

	Size	Price		Size	Price
Long Coat Rm	10-18	\$3.50	Hats, Officers	7 $\frac{1}{4}$ -8	\$3.50
Ready to Sew	38-42	4.00	Belts, Web	28-38	.55
	10-18	2.75	Leather for officers	28-38	2.50
	38-42	3.25	Middy—Official khaki	38-42	1.75
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Ready Made	38-42	5.00	*Neckerchiefs, each40
Ready to Sew	10-18	3.75	Black, silk		2.00
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Skirt (extra) Rm	10-18	2.00	Girl's sizes		2.00
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Captain's50	Tenderfoot Pins	
Committee75	10K Gold (safety catch)	2.50
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STANDARD PRICE LIST CONTINUED

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1. Scout equipment can be sold only upon written approval of a registered Captain.
2. Cash must accompany all orders. All checks, drafts, or money orders should be made payable to the order of Girl Scouts, Inc.
3. Girl Scout buttons, patterns and coat lapels are sold only when official khaki is purchased from National Headquarters.
4. Authorized department stores cannot sell any of the items enumerated in No. 3.

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After all, home is where we eat! Nobody wants to live in a restaurant or has cozy memories of a night-lunch cart. It's not for nothing that a good mother or a good wife is supposed to be able to provide her son or her husband with a good meal. When you come right down to it, the human body is a machine, and you must stoke its furnace or charge its battery before it can go very far or very long. In one of Thackeray's greatest novels he tells how the young wife of a young officer wept bitterly on the morning he left for the War,

and disheartened her poor husband dreadfully; but the experienced wife of the old general got up early and made him a good cup of coffee and sent him away in good spirits! "An army travels on its stomach," says the old proverb. Well, so do we—all of us. We all travel on our stomachs.

And American men are going to be increasingly proud to learn that thousands of American girls are taking an intelligent interest in that main spring of home machinery—the kitchen!



she can't, if she never has a chance. Of course she uses a hairpin if nobody gives her a screw driver, and of course she uses a hair brush or a slipper heel if she's not allowed to use a hammer. But give her a chance at the right way and see how long she'll choose the wrong one. Any girl who can learn the mechanism of an automobile battery can learn about any other battery; if she can measure a yard of silk, she can measure a pole for a clothes closet; if she can use a manicure scissors, she can use pliers!

So, borrow your brother's Christmas toolbox, Scouts, and win the Handy Woman badge. It will be worth much more than its weight in gold to you, for it will save you many a quarter and fifty cent piece that would otherwise go to the handy man, when you have a house of your own, some day!

Why shouldn't you be as handy as he?



Lots of people don't think of this badge as belonging to a "Home Number," at first. They think of sewing and cooking and child care, and they forget that none of these gets very far if managed extravagantly. A dress maker that can't repair and make over; a cook that can't plan economically and use left-overs; a nurse that wastes strength and time and temper—what do they prove, after all?

Money is not the only thing in the world that it pays to save. Strength and time and vitality are very precious things, and to learn how to save them by good management is to know how to keep the big bank account of Life, in the long run.

It doesn't pay to lose a good stocking for want of repairing it—and it doesn't pay to darn an old stocking too often! Only experience teaches us just what it pays to save and what it doesn't. Perhaps our great grandmothers kept things too long, but it seems pretty certain that most of us don't keep them long enough. And whenever you can make an old thing do, you have saved the money the new thing would cost, and it will come in mighty handy, some day, when you need it more!

INTERNATIONAL MEETING

The International Meeting of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides will be held at Newnham College, Cambridge, England, June 26 to July 1. All visitors will be welcome. The charge for the period of five days will be three pounds. All Girl Scout Leaders who wish to attend should send their applications to Mrs. Juliette Low before April 15th as the college accommodations are limited but lodgings in Cambridge may be secured for those whose applications are sent after April 15th. Mrs. Low's London house, No. 40 Grosvenor Street, will be open to all Girl Scout visitors.

Juliette Low.

CHAIRMAN, INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE.

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The Story of A Girl Who Wanted to Look Nice

ROSE'S EXPERIMENT

By *Rebecca Traill Hodges*

Illustrated by *William Schnelle*

MRS. MARVIN'S invitation to the luncheon filled Rose Harrington with feelings of joy and fond anticipation. She thought about it day and night until it seemed as though she could hardly wait.

All the other girls felt the same way, too. There were long discussions as to what they'd wear, for when one is not only sweet and sixteen but also very fresh, enthusiastic and lovely, the matter of clothes is most absorbing and very normal.

Now Rose was a perfectly normal girl, filled with the endless desire to look nice and to have the pretty things her heart craved—all those little extras that make girls so enchanting. For little touches here and there—the new sash or the unusual neck frill—all count up and mount into real money. Consequently, in Rose's case these longings had to be curbed incessantly, for it wasn't always easy or possible to gratify them.

Mrs. Marvin lived in the town's largest and most imposing house, the big brick one with the tall elms on the hill. Having no children of her own, she had become very much interested in a group of high school girls about Rose's age. It had proved to be a very agreeable hobby for her and she had given mutual pleasure to herself and them alike. There had been many little meetings at various times at her house—little sewing circles when together they had made garments for some poor families in the lower part of town or packed a box to go off to Alaska.

The girls with one accord adored Mrs. Marvin. To appear right in her eyes was something greatly to be desired. She stood, to them, for everything that seemed worth while, and back of it she was a most wise and sensible woman. Consequently, she guided this blind hero worship along very sane and useful channels.

Now, this luncheon was the first really grand and formal invitation she had extended and there ensued, therefore, great and hectic excitement. Things like that did not happen every day.

"What shall I wear?" Rose ex-

ploded in perplexity to her mother for the fiftieth time.

"My dear," was the answer, "as I told you before, your blue crepe dress is as nice as any girl could want, and, what is best of all, is perfectly suitable. There couldn't be anything more fitting for you if we counted our wealth by the thousands instead of in plain common dollars."

"O, yes," Rose agreed, nodding her head, slowly. "I don't mind the dress. That's all right. But my shoes—my hat. That's what worries me."

"Wear your brown shoes and stockings, dear. They're perfectly good and proper; as for your hat, what is wrong with your pretty black sailor? It is absolutely in keeping with our means; it is becoming and youthful. The big black bow on it takes away from its plainness. What more could you ask for?"

"O but Mother!" she expostulated. "Those brown shoes I've had for years! Now you know black patent leather is terribly stylish and most of the girls are going to have that kind. And that awful hat! Natalie has the most adorable new one—a big floppy pink thing, just too dear for words!"

"I don't imagine Daisy is having anything new," Mrs. Harrington remarked. "Is she?"

"No, but Daisy's different. She always manages to look nice somehow. Even a meal bag wouldn't ruin her, I do believe. But, O, that hat!"

She stopped short, her eyes dilated and fixed far away through the opposite wall, as a picture of the coveted dream in pink flashed before her mind.

"Well, Rose," her mother broke her reverie, "I don't know as I'd approve of your wearing a creation like Natalie's even if we could afford a thing of that sort. It isn't good taste for a girl of your age to be overdressed. Of course, I'm not foolish enough to claim that you could go to a party like that and have a wonderful time if you didn't have pretty and right clothes. I know you couldn't. Things like that only happen in books. But I do

know, my dear, that you can go perfectly happy and relieved in the knowledge that you'll be very attractive in the blue dress and sailor hat and tan shoes."

Mrs. Harrington felt the matter was satisfactorily and finally settled, so she dismissed it entirely from her mind.

But Rose did not. The thought of Natalie's pink hat and shiny black shoes kept bobbing up continually. She knew also that Anne and Jane were to have new things, too. O, it was hard, she sighed mournfully to herself, to be poor! She wanted to add the term "downtrodden," but she decided that would not fit in. Neither her father or mother or Tom or she could truthfully be said to be ground down by poverty—but she did long for some new things like the other girls!

Of course, they had been to Mrs. Marvin's house time without number and no one had cared or bothered about what each one wore. It had never entered their heads. They had all worked along together, Mrs. Marvin included, in plain ordinary every day things. The dark polished floors with heavy silk rugs, paintings and tapestries had never caused any consternation. Mrs. Marvin was so charming and tactful that each girl had instantly felt at home.

But this occasion was different! O, yes, they all agreed on that; very different. Natalie, Anne, Rose and all acquiesced on that point. Rose was convinced most emphatically on that score. Although she did not discuss it any more with her mother, she nevertheless turned it over considerably in her own mind.

The next day, she settled herself behind the pages of a magazine. It was the sort of periodical that presents helpful home hints and tells how a skillful person can concoct, from a handful of ribbon and a dab of ingenuity, the most ravishing of costumes or gifts. Rose, entranced, read on and on.

Presently with a rapt look of elation she rose, put the magazine back on the library table and mounted the stairs to the attic where she made a hasty search and survey.

The AMERICAN GIRL

"You won't object, will you, Mother," she asked, casually, after supper as she perched on the arm of her mother's chair, "if I make a few minor changes in what I'm going to wear tomorrow?"

"O, no," she answered, "only if you want my real advice, Rose, I'd urge you to go just as we originally planned."

"O, but Mother, I truly have the cleverest scheme!" Rose protested.

"Suit yourself, my dear. Only there's my advice."

Rose hopped up gaily giving her a hasty exuberant kiss. She rumped her father's head, as she passed his easy chair, wriggled her fingers as a parting salute to Tom, who was bent over the table buried in a book.

The Harringtons settled down to their evening around the lamp. Peace and harmony reigned below stairs while down from the second floor drifted the faint sounds of Rose's humming. One could not have desired a more placid atmosphere.

Presently, however, along with the song stole the most overpowering pungent and all pervading odors, the unmistakable sickening smell of banana-oil mingled with whiffs of ether and turpentine, cleverly and diabolically blended with all manner of weird unknown resinous oils.

It was the most active and not-to-be-downed scent that had ever assailed Mr. Harrington's nostrils. He dropped his paper abruptly and sat upright.

Then he sniffed again into space, and with a puzzled uncomfortable frown, addressed his wife.

"What, for goodness' sakes, is that?" he demanded.

"It's the most horrible odor I ever knew!" she agreed, her nostrils quivering.

"I bet it's Rose up to something." Tom looked up from his book and prophesied darkly.

"Well, it's terrible, no matter what it is—just terrible. What is she doing, anyway?" he queried in utter disgust.

With hasty strides, he tore to the window, which he threw up with a bang. Immediately, all three took refuge there.

As if in answer to his exclamation, Rose, herself, appeared in the doorway. Her face was wreathed in broad, complacent smiles.

In one hand she bore a pair of freshly blackened slippers of the strangest, most unnatural ebony hue. From the other hung a wreath of gilded leaves. The gilt was of recent date—O, very recent, application. The leaves were still wet and drip-

ping—that fact was easily seen. But it did not take the sense of sight to tell one that! The unmistakable smells that had crept so insidiously and so firmly down the stairs now fairly jumped out at the gasping trio.

"Don't you think I've been clever!" she demanded, surveying her family and her handiwork impartially. "You see," she explained, "I had to have black shoes—positively had to. So I dyed my old white canvas things this lovely black and I took the green wreath I've had for ages and gilded it. I read in your magazine, Mother, that black and gold were going to be terribly fashionable, so I dyed both things. Now, don't you think I'm smart?"

They let her words sink in for a few minutes in appalled silence.

"Are you planning to wear those things tomorrow?" her Mother gasped, at length.

"Surely!" she nodded, assuredly.

"But the awful smell!" Mr. Harrington protested.

"You'll drive 'em all out." Tom announced from his seat on the sill

where he sat with his head and body carefully balanced on the outside.

"I know it's pretty bad now," Rose agreed, "but I'll air them all night out on the back porch and in the morning they'll be as good as new."

With this pronouncement, she retired once more, perfectly secure in her belief and quite pleased with her newly discovered prowess as a designer.

Her family held other views, Tom very openly, her parents more or less reservedly. When the morning dawned, there seemed to be only the slightest, least perceptible lessening in the terrific penetrative powers of the smell. At least, so three people thought. But Rose sniffed the articles with utter impunity.

"Hardly a trace," she declared. "By noon no one could ever tell."

She looked very pretty with her flushed cheeks and fluffy brown hair as she fastened the last snap on the dark blue gown. The sheer white cuffs and collar with their hem-stitched edges were most becoming accessories.

She left her reclaimed slippers until the last. She found to her horror that the liberal dye bath had shrunk them to most uncomfortable



He dropped his paper abruptly and sat upright.

proportions, but she heroically squeezed her feet into place by manful struggles with the shoe horn.

"My dear, my dear," Mrs. Harrington spoke finally, realizing to the full what stared her daughter in the face for the next few hours, "don't you really believe it would be the part of wisdom to wear your brown ones? And the odor hasn't quite gone either," she added.

"No, Mother, I don't," Rose said, firmly. "Of course, if you demand it, I will. But I'll be dreadfully disappointed."

"Very well. Suit yourself. I certainly hope you will have a beautiful time. Only, I think you will have to hurry. It's getting late."

She kissed her and watched her go down the street toward the car line.

Rose did not trip off with her usual quick, easy step. Instead she walked most carefully in sort of a teetering hobble. She never knew there were so many stones or bubbles on the sidewalk before. Her feet ached and burned as if hundreds of red hot needles or ancient instruments of torture of the crushing variety were at work.

But the black was very, very black so she tried to solace her tortured soul by occasional glimpses down at them.

The street car proved to be well filled and quite warm. The heat and oppressiveness worked havoc with the steadily increasing anguish in her feet. She felt heroically that she could have stood that, though, if that other awful thing could have been downed.

Above everything, and everyone else in the car, far more hideous even than the fearful pain in her cramped toes, rose the ghastly odor of the dyes. Never, never had she endured such moments. She felt like an ancient leper as people, by one accord, moved away from her and stood in huddled groups at either end of the car.

Rose got off fully three blocks before she needed. She was almost faint from the combined horrors and welcomed the fresh air once more. But she found she simply could not hurry. It was an utter impossibility. Consequently, she appeared at the Marvin residence several minutes late. Everyone else was there and Rose was greeted with wholesouled exuberance, for there was no girl in the town enjoyed more popularity—and justly—than she.

Always cheerful and gay, witty and full of fun, sympathetic and helpful, Rose Harrington held the enviable position of being that desirable per-

son known as "the life of the party."

She was also an especially warm protegee of Mrs. Marvin's so she greeted her most cordially when the girl appeared.

"I've put you opposite me at the table, Rose," Mrs. Marvin told her, just before the butler announced luncheon. "I depend on you to keep things moving," she smiled affectionately and patted her arm.

The place cards showed Rose—to her inmost thankfulness—that a kind fate and an equally beneficent hostess had given her a seat near the window so she forced a smile as she sank into her chair.

Dark richly colored asters and dahlias formed the floral centerpiece for the early fall luncheon, while the girls around the table with their eager, happy faces were even lovelier than the flowers.

To Rose, however, the picture was far from pleasing. She envied Natalie—not the drooping pink hat with its adorable rosy hue—but the aura of peace and blessed comfort that surrounded her. She would have given anything to have been Daisy, sitting there with serene face and untroubled eyes or spirit.

For Rose was fast becoming convinced that unmistakably she had not chosen wisely. The gentle breeze, that wafted in across her hat, carried with brutal frankness and unreserve the results of her dye orgy into every corner of the room. She caught the pained look in the butler's face, as he passed the hot biscuits, and she thought she would die when she heard Anne's murmured comment to the girl next her.

"What do you suppose it can be?" she whispered.

"It's Rose's hat. I thought she had better sense. She's put gilt on that wreath."

Very cautiously, the two chairs were moved a little farther away. Rose pale from the physical anguish she was undergoing and from the ghastly situation, wriggled her numb feet in helpless despair.

Lo and behold! A glorious feeling of almost unbearable relief stole over her, as she felt the tight fabric give and split in all directions. A most uncontrollable and beatific smile of relief spread over her face. She sternly repressed an insistent desire to sing or shout aloud. She stole a hasty glance down toward the floor. Yes, thanks be, there was no doubt about it. The canvas, rotted from use and shrunk by the dye, had succumbed to the strain. It was positively the most glorious thing in the world and she knew she could sym-

pathize most understandingly with a paroled prisoner.

But, even the physical relief could not overbalance the still ever-evident odor. Nothing could down that! Its sickening persistency took their appetites and the most delicious and daintily attractive of dishes went untouched.

Never, O never, had Rose spent such a hideous time. The party was utterly ruined. To save her life, she couldn't smile or chat or join in the conversation. Since at the end of the table were a few shy girls—the poor unfortunates whom it is always so hard to draw out and for whose relief Mrs. Marvin had counted on Rose—the occasion left everything to be desired.

Mrs. Marvin felt ill, giddy and uncomfortable. She knew positively that never had she been forced to sit through such a ghastly experience. She realized soon after they sat down just what the trouble was and at first it amused her. Then, as the fearfulness of the odors persisted and kept on persisting, her amused tolerance fast ebbed away. She surely would have thought that Rose Harrington had more sense and consideration for others. Also, she wondered how in the world she could manage so as not to hurt the girl's feelings, since she had planned to take her guests in her two cars to the hospital where they were to visit a convalescing patient. Even if Lucy did have only a broken leg and was now practically well, no one reeking of such a multiplicity of odors could possibly be permitted to sail through the corridors of a hospital.

Rose, herself, settled the question. It took lots of grit, O, so much more than one could possibly suppose, to face it—for when one is sixteen it isn't easy to acknowledge defeat. But Rose, back of it all, was "game," as Tom had often admitted at different times, so she took a deep breath and plumped.

It was just before they rose from the table when the subject of Lucy came up.

"I truly can't go, Mrs. Marvin," Rose said quietly. It was practically the first remark she had made but she screwed up her courage now that her feet had ceased to throb and kept on. "You see, I owe you and everyone here a big apology. I've been terribly silly and dreadfully humiliated. I never felt like such a complete fool in my life. You see, I thought I knew more than my mother," she went on with flushed cheeks, looking around the table into

(Continued on page 24)

BREAD ON THE WATER

By Willis K. Jones

Illustrated by Marjorie Flack

THE brisk tang of the Spring air failed to raise Margaret Hammon's depressed spirits. Yet there was nothing the matter with her. Her litheness, the supple driving power in her legs as she balanced and teetered on her toes assured her of that fact. She just lacked skill—that was all that prevented her from becoming a sprinter. Her utmost efforts, expended that afternoon in the gymnasium tryouts had brought her in sixth in the 75 yard dash.

Perhaps she would not have felt so keenly her inability, had she not realized that she was one of the Hammon Twins. She had a reputation to uphold. The blue 1924 which her sister, Gladys, wore by right of her position as Freshman basketball captain had made Margaret determined to win her numerals, too. The other members of The Bunch expected it of her. To some girls athletic honors came so easily. Now there was Tennie Jennings who had played basketball on Gladys Hammon's team and recently been elected captain of track. Why could Tennie win numerals twice when Margaret could not get them at all?

While she was deepest in thought, "Tommy" Cole passed her, carrying a dark green Botany book and wearing a most lugubrious expression. "Oh, Twin," she moaned, "Are you awfully busy?"

Margaret shook her head, glad of anything to divert her thoughts, even if it was only this quiet classmate of hers whom she saw only during Botany, and who occupied a seat several rows in front of her.

"You know Miss Burr made me wait after Botany this afternoon? Well, she told me that my work was not up to standard and that I'd be reported at Easter unless I showed marked improvement." Tears italicized the last two words. "But she promised that if I turned a good field notebook in before vacation, she'd give me another chance. Honest, I don't know a thing about Botany, and so I wondered—I wondered—"

"What?"

"I wonder if you'll help me, Margaret. Of course I'll pay for your tutoring. You know so much about plants and all that I'm sure you

could. Miss Burr said it would be all right for you to help me gather specimens. I asked her. Then afterwards she is going to test me to see if I've learned what you tell me about them—that is, of course, if you're willing to help me."

Margaret thought for a moment. It was the proudest boast of the Hammon Twins that they could help people out of trouble. Besides, after the failure of that afternoon in track try outs, it was pleasant to have people feel that she could do something. "Sure, I guess we can fix it up," she finally agreed. "But, of course I wouldn't do it for money."

"Oh, will you? I'll be no end grateful. But I'm afraid I can't ever learn."

"Nonsense! People can do 'most anything if they have to. Pretend your life is in danger for example."

"My life will be in danger for a fact if I go home at Easter with a below grade."

"Cheer up, you won't. But we've got to start instantly. There's only—five—six days before Easter vacation. Suppose you come over right after supper and we can study till 7.30. And to-morrow is Saturday. Can you spend the whole afternoon hunting specimens?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, I'll do anything to get my work up. I never flunked anything before. But I can't seem to understand Botany."

Margaret did not explain that it was of her love for hiking and her earlier Girl Scout training, because they had reached Pomeroy Cottage by then. "Tonight, remember," she called as she turned in the path. "Bring over your Botany book so we can study classification." As she ran up the steps much of her depressed feeling was temporarily gone.

At the door Florence Knight met her. "Oh Twinnie, Tennie Jennings called you up, wants you to phone her right away."

Margaret's heart sank. Could it mean that she was not to report any more on the track squad? Then Tennie's voice came over the wire. "Hello, Margaret? I tried to catch you this afternoon, but Miss Wood kept me talking until it was too late. Can you drop in for a few minutes after supper?"

"No, I'm sorry. Tommy Cole is coming over to study with me. Is there something you want?"

"Well—I don't like to tell you over the phone. I'm afraid you'll misunderstand. But—oh, I don't set myself up as a track star, yet I thought if we could get together, I might be able to help you a bit in sprinting. I know you have the ability. Of course Miss Wood hasn't much time to coach each girl individually during practice, but if you can get down to the gym early tomorrow afternoon—say two o'clock—we'll be able to work out a little before the others come."

Margaret gasped. In her desire to help Tommie Cole, she had forgotten the track practice on Saturday afternoon. "I'm awfully sorry," she began, reluctantly, "but I can't possibly. I made an engagement for the afternoon. Some other—"

"That's all right," came in the captain's coolest tones. "Don't bother about excuses. Only I had the mistaken idea that you were interested in becoming a runner. Goodbye."

There was finality in the word, and Margaret, hanging up the receiver, knew she would get no more offers of help from Tennie. She tried to make light of the affair. What good would class numerals be, anyway, when she had been out of college ten years? She asked herself savagely. Yet, all that meal, in the midst of the careless chatter of The Bunch, and all the evening while she was drumming the elements of classification into Tommy's head, she knew down in her heart that she would give anything she possessed to win the right to wear those blue numerals.

The thought was still in her mind as she opened her eyes the next day, and it was not entirely erased when, after lunch, she and Tommy in short hiking skirts and high boots, set out from Natick College in search of leaves and flowers. They did not expect to find any Spring flowers—it was too early. But buds and leaves of any kind would help swell the note-book and raise Tommy's grade.

At the edge of the campus they discovered a Forsythia bush with its golden foliage. Forget-me-nots, crocuses and a jonquil were soon added to their trophies. Later a Japanese

quince in blossom rewarded their search. Irises, snowdrops and alders fell to them, and a little farther on a sturdy dandelion was captured. Then both girls gave a cry of delight. A meadow with a brook running through it had caught their eye, and there they saw a pussywillow in bud. "Oh, we must get that!" Margaret cried.

The field was fenced by four strands of rusty barbed wire too tightly stretched to crawl through. Not even in the corners were there any wooden cross-rails to help them climb. It was Tommy who discovered a stile near one end. She reached it first and climbed up. On the top she stopped. Instead of leaping down on the other side, she stood gazing in terror. Margaret, following her glance saw several cows peacefully cropping the grass across the field.

"What's the matter?" she demanded.

"Don't you see them? They'll chase us."

"Pooh! You're not afraid of cows, are you?"

"You bet I am."

"Well, I'm not. Get down and let me up. We must have those pussy-willows and it's likely we won't find any more. It's rather out of season for them."

Obediently she descended and Margaret started over the stile. "I wish you wouldn't," Tommy begged. "They might come after you."

"What difference does that make? Just pat them and show you're not afraid of them and they won't hurt you."

"A-l-l-right, go on, then. But I hope they won't come."

Margaret reached the ground on the other side. She paid not the slightest attention to the cows as she went after the buds. She had already broken off two branches when a warning cry of "Hurry" made her look around.

One of the cows was walking leisurely, but determinedly, in her direction. Something in the set of the head made the Hammon Twin decide not to wait to pat it. After all, she had the pussy willows. She turned and made for the stile. And the cow, seeing her run, came on faster, breaking into a sort of gallop.

By luck or dumb instinct, or perhaps attracted by the way Tommy was yelling, the cow headed directly for the stile, effectively cutting Margaret off from safety.

It seemed as though the animal was just behind her. How she envied

says girls can't be athletes and only one in a thousand is built right for jumping. But I guess you're glad that you learned to jump in the track team."

"Jump? I didn't. I never jumped before in my life. I had the mistaken idea that I could be a sprinter."



Margaret, following her glance, saw several cows

Tennie and the others who could cover 75 yards in nine seconds. She realized that she would never have time to crawl under the fence or even to clamber through it with that creature thundering after her. But with the barbed wire before her she did not slacken speed. Gathering her skirts in one hand, she leaped up and out.

She was sitting in the soft grass beside the road when Tommy reached her. Margaret, laughing a bit hysterically, calmed her fears and presented her with a branch of pussy willow, trophy of the chase. And the cow, the cause of the excitement, was quietly nibbling grass fifty yards away.

"Oh, I wish my brother could have seen you jump!" Tommy cried when she was quite sure that no harm had resulted from the adventure. "He

Tommy Cole looked at her in disbelief. Then she went over and with her hand measured the height of the fence. "More than four feet the first time you ever jumped! And you'd rather be a sprinter? Why, I remember the first time my brother ever jumped four feet. It was in a prep school meet and he won first prize. Of course he goes higher than that now. He does six feet four in the intercollegiate now."

"Well, I wish I could do just one thing well in athletics," Margaret began; then, mentally scouring herself for complaining, she finished cheerily, "But what difference does it make? We must fill that field book of yours."

Tommy did not move. "Can't you run?" she demanded.

Before Margaret realized it, the appeal of sympathy had drawn from her the story of her failure as a track

athlete. When she had finished, never mentioning of course the coaching she had lost by helping Tommy, her classmate was silent. Then she looked up. "You'll probably think I'm mean, but I'm kind of glad there's something you Twins can't do. The Pom girls keep boasting all the time about your accomplishments. But that is catty. I'm sorry I said it."

Margaret laughed merrily. "What a reputation! But you see how untrue it is at least my part of it. Come on, though. Botany is much more important."

By evening they had added scylla, spirea, tulips and a number of other specimens to their collection. Tommy Cole was happy in the thought that she had saved her scholarship record. Just as they returned to the college, she caught Margaret's arm. "I might as well tell you," she began hesitatingly, "I got an idea this afternoon. If you'll trust me for a little while, I see how you can win your numerals, after all."

"How?"

"Don't believe I better explain till I'm sure. But will you promise not to whisper to a soul our adventure of this afternoon? Good! Then as soon as I can I'll tell you the rest. In the meantime keep on practicing with the team, won't you?"

Margaret did not understand the remark either then or in the next ten days. She was certain, however, that if faithful practice in the gymnasium would give her a chance at her letter, she would spare no effort. Then Wednesday came, the day before the girls were to leave for their Easter vacation. At lunchtime, Margaret was called to the phone. Tommy's excited voice greeted her. "Are you free this afternoon?"

"No, I have a rhetoric class third hour with a lecture."

"Well, cut it. This is much more important. Any of the girls will lend you their notes. Now listen. Put on your gym suit and I'll meet you at the gym at two o'clock."

That was the only explanation she would give at that time, but she was prompt at the appointed place. "My brother's here!" she cried when the Hammon Twin arrived. "You know, the jumper I told you about. He said he might stop on his way home and I told him about you. He's going to coach you to high jump. Put on a long skirt over your bloomers and come on."

"But I can't jump, Tommy. I did it the other day because a cow chased me."

"What was it you told me? People can do anything if they have to.

Well, we'll make you jump for your life, even if it means training a cow to chase you every time. Come on, he's waiting. You helped me—Miss Burr says I'm above now—and I'm going to pay you back. That was bread cast on the water when you gave up a Saturday for me. Now, it is coming back to you, if I can make it."

"It will be self-rising bread, won't it, if I learn to jump?"

"Unless we have to ring in a cow to be the yeast."

After Tommy had introduced a tall, lithe young man as "Ted," the three left the campus and started into the country. Evidently the girl had selected the place beforehand, for she led them to a level spot on a grove of trees. Then Ted took out some string and fastened it between two trees. For the better part of the afternoon Margaret Hammon practiced jumping. She would make a few attempts, then rest under the tree while her coach analyzed her efforts.

For a long time it seemed very difficult. The knack of it was hard to discover. Finally Ted Cole jumped up enthusiastically. "That's the way, Miss Hammon. Exactly the style! That little kick above the cross bar does the trick. Try it once more to be sure you have caught it, and we'll call it a day's work."

"Now all you need is practice," he assured her on their way back to college.

"I'll practice, then. I'll have folks at home think I'm a grasshopper before the vacation is over."

"But don't do it around here where the girls can see you," advised Tommy. "Keep it a secret till the meet. You want to surprise them, don't you?"

And so, although Margaret Hammon practiced faithfully at home, and on her return to college, she was sure that none of the girls suspected her secret. Not even to the Bunch did she confess it. If they noticed anything, it was only that she seemed to be running without any marked improvement, but they could not guess that the jumping practice in the woods was responsible for slowing her speed on the track.

Lovey tried to sympathize with her, so did Glenn Brigden, but she assured them that they would never hear her complain. Nor did she have any explanations to make when her enemies made fun of her efforts. After the final trials for Field Day, even Miss Wood showed that she had lost faith in the Hammon Twin. "Miss Hammon a runner?" Margaret heard her laugh. "Why the only way she could win that race

Saturday would be to compel the rest to run backward."

Margaret was sure, because of the queer expression on the face of the gymnasium teacher, that the remark had been made for her benefit, but she did not care. She only smiled and practiced more determinedly. She would show them!

The day before the meet, Ted Cole turned up again. Tommy telephoned Margaret and the three went out to their practice ground. After watching her once or twice, he shook his head. "Your take off is too close, Miss Hammon. Look, like this."

He laid out his handkerchief some eighteen inches from the string. "Now you see I don't touch it. I plant my left foot behind it as I swing up my right leg." He demonstrated it to her, then had her try.

"That's good. A little more speed," he commented, raising the string. "Can you do four feet?"

"I went an inch higher than that in the gym the other day when nobody was around."

"All right, then. Jump it this time."

She tried twice and failed. "It's your speed," he snapped. "Come up fast. Now try it again. Speed!"

This time Margaret gritted her teeth, dashed at it, and cleared the string.

"Inches to spare," Ted Cole applauded. "And on a hard approach where you won't have to hurdle roots and stones on the take-off, you can do even better. Do you know how high you went? All of four feet six. Yes, it is. Measure it. And you'll have to do at least that much in the meet tomorrow, or I'll be ashamed of my pupil. I'm sorry I can't stay to see you do it, but we have a track meet ourselves. And—Oh, yes, here is a little trick that will help you win, for of course you've got to come out first."

He explained carefully, and Margaret looked at him in perplexity. "But is that exactly—fair?"

"Absolutely. I'm going to do the same thing myself tomorrow. The only person to suffer by it if you fail is yourself. But you won't fail. Tommy wrote a telegram this morning all ready to send me announcing your victory. You'll see. Get to bed early tonight and you'll be feeling fine tomorrow."

He was a good prophet. As Margaret Hammon came out to the Athletic Field, where it seemed as though most of the college had gathered to see the track meet, she felt physically fit. She had to assure

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LOUISA OF THE MILLIONS

By Maud Wilcox Niedermeyer

Illustrated by Joseph Franke

TRIX came back to the breakfast table waving three letters above her head. Her pretty face was round and rosy, and her eyes had a mischievous twinkle in them.

"A bill for dad," she said, laying it beside his plate with a flourish. "An advertisement for Bob," she tossed him the big envelope, "and a real, swell looking affair for mother. Look, gold seal, 'nd everything."

Mrs. Merrill opened her letter hurriedly, while her young brood watched her face closely.

"Bad news!" pronounced Nancy, Trix's twin sister. "I can tell by that little droop on the left side of mother's mouth."

Mrs. Merrill laughed. "Yes, and no," she said. "Aunt Elizabeth has written to say that Louisa, your cousin, is not very well. Their doctor thinks that three weeks in the country would benefit her greatly. She wants to know if it will be convenient for us to have her make a visit."

Silence greeted this announcement for at least a second. Then Bob groaned. "Another girl in this house and I clear out," he said.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Trix, "she's sick and used to everything grand. She couldn't stand our house."

"Good gracious, the house doesn't matter," cried Nancy. "But she never could put up with our racket. If she's sick, now, we'd finish her."

Daddy Merrill threw back his head and laughed heartily. "Then mother is to write to Aunt Elizabeth and say that we cannot have Louisa, but that we all hope she will find some nice country boarding place?"

"Of course not!" exclaimed Trix. "Mother, please tell her to come, and we'll show her what a *real* family is like. Jinks, I'd hate to be an only child." And she threw her arm impulsively around her twin's neck.

It was finally decided that Daddy Merrill would send a telegram on his way to the office telling Aunt Elizabeth that they would welcome Louisa gladly.

"I suppose it means that the house has got to be cleaned from attic to cellar," began Trix.

"And the pantry filled with goodies, cakes and pies," interrupted Nancy.

"Gee, Whiz! I suppose the 'Tin

Lizzie' will have to have a bath," finished Bob.

"Now children, stop your chatter, and clear the breakfast table, while I take a look at the spare bed room," said mother. "Bob, where are you going? You help the girls first. Yes, you can, you can carry out the leftovers for the chickens."

"How about a pail of hot suds and give the hen houses a scrubbing?" asked Bob, beating a tum-tum-de-detum on the bottom of the dish pan with a wooden potato masher.

Bob and Trix laughed heartily over the thought of teaching their cousin how to swim—but later on, they had a big surprise—Read this story and see what it was!

"Yes, and bring in the eggs when you come," said Trix thrusting a pan of scraps into his hands.

Such scouring, mopping and dusting as followed for the next three days! The whole house smelled of soap, washing powder and ammonia—a good, clean, healthy smell. Fresh curtains were hung in the spare bedroom windows, or rather, in the guest room, as Trix insisted upon calling it now. Even the calendar came in for its share, and the last two months were torn off. The little old-fashioned clock was wound up and set going, and a fresh cover laid on the dresser.

Louisa was expected on the fourth day. The cousins hadn't seen each other since they were babies, and there was much speculation on the part of the Merrills as to the personal qualities of their guest.

"I hope that she's not the boity-boity kind of a rich girl," said Trix, as she took her seat beside Nancy in the scrubbed and shining Ford.

They were on their way to the station, everyone a bit excited over the coming meeting.

"I'll die of fright if she is," Nan replied. "I'm so glad mother came,

too, for she always makes introductions so easy." She huddled down in one corner. Then suddenly, she sat bolt upright and exclaimed: "Trix, I know our summer's spoiled!"

"You dear old thing, what do you mean?"

"Just this. Louisa'll hate the lodge, and all our plans for it. It's not her kind of fun. She's used to dances and big affairs. Oh, dear, why do we have to have company?" Nancy buried her head on her sister's shoulder. The tears were near the surface.

"You girls make me tired," complained Bob. "Louisa's supposed to be sick, and I guess she won't feel like putting on airs."

"My dears," said Mrs. Merrill, "you are not to take any notice of Louisa's ill health. Her mother says she is a bit run down, but that we mustn't cater to her. She is to join you in all your good times."

"The nearer I get to the station the more nervous I feel," complained Nancy.

"Here, none of that!" responded Trix, who always acted as a tonic on her twin.

"I think I'll sit right here," continued Nancy, as Bob drew up to the platform. "I can see everybody."

At last the train came puffing and snorting into the station. Bob jumped out of the car, helped his mother out, and they both disappeared down the platform.

She was here at last, Louisa of the millions, of fashionable watering resorts, of summers abroad, of governesses! She was pretty, too, in a frail, delicate way. Trix declared later that she never again would doubt that people could have eyes like violets near shady pools. And the color of her hair was like taffy in its next to the last stage, just before it turns to that sickly, pale yellow. Louisa's was yellow, but rich like gold with the sun on it.

"Porter, lady, porter?" cried Bob, as he took her bag. "This way to the chariot, please."

A puzzled expression crossed Louisa's face, and she turned instinctively to Mrs. Merrill.

"You musn't mind Bob," said that good woman. "He's just full of fun. We are very glad that you are here,

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my dear? The twins are in the car. Nan is the timid one, and preferred to wait there. Of course, nothing would induce Trix to leave her. They are inseparable."

Trix said afterwards that she couldn't remember how they got home, it was all such a blurr. But she never would forget the way Louisa got into the Ford. She sort of looked off to one side, sniffed slightly, and held her skirts close about her. Trix said Louisa had it alright, it being that awful air that so often goes with having a few million dollars more than the other fellow. Louisa's manner was gracious enough, but Trix caught only the vague condescension. "Snobbish," she said to herself. "Wait until the three weeks are up!"

And the trunks! Three of them!

"Well, why not?" said Bob, when he had finished helping to carry them up to the guest room. "There's one for each week."

"Nan," cried Trix, grabbing her sister, and pulling her to one side. "Let's ask her if we can help her unpack. I intend to see what on earth one lone girl could put into three trunks."

"Alright, but you go first."

A few minutes later they tip-toed to Louisa's room, and knocked on the door.

"Come in," called a weary voice. "It's a sight in here. Celeste always puts my things away, but mother wouldn't let me bring her. Perhaps you can tell me what to do with all this stuff."

Such a sight as the twins beheld. In the center of the room stood Louisa, gowned in a pretty pink silk kimona. Over each arm hung dainty garments. The chairs, the bed, even the dresser were littered with clothes.

"My stars!" gasped Trix. "When do you ever wear this all?" She jumped over a trunk tray then over a steamer trunk. "Makes me think of Eliza crossing the ice in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,'" she continued, hopping over a pile of books.

But what fun she and Nancy had examining the pretty things, and diving into the trunks for more.

"This Japanese kimona is for you, Nancy," said Louisa, "and there is one just like it for Trix. Here it is." She handed the pretty garments to the girls, who giggled with surprise and delight.

"Oh, I feel all thrillly inside," cried Nancy, slipping into hers. "Thank you so much."

"I should say so!" ejaculated Trix, throwing hers about her shoulders.

"There's a package for your mother, and books for Uncle Robert and Bob," continued Louisa.

It wasn't long before the atmosphere had cleared considerably.

An hour later as Trix was helping her mother in the kitchen, she ran into Bob.

"Oh, I say, want to hear something about yourself?" she asked balancing a plate of hot biscuits in one hand.

"Shoot!"

"Well, you're absolutely funny! Louisa says so." Trix threw back her head and laughed, and the biscuits came perilously near toppling over. "Absolutely is Louisa's pet word. They've got a butler in their house, and the hangings and draperies are rose velour and the furniture's overstuffed——"

"Hold on," cried Bob, who had trailed the plate of biscuits into the dining room. "Overstuffed! Sounds like a Thanksgiving Day dinner."

"Well, that's what Louisa called it, and she ought to know. Shall we take her to the Lodge in the morning and break her in?"

"Sure thing!"

"And how about a swim in the lake? Do you suppose she can swim?"

"Probably. I bet she's taken lessons, leaning over a piano stool. Let's dump her in. She'd learn a heap more that way."

"Bob!" Trix stood still and looked her sternest. "No funny business."

The next morning the twins were up bright and early.



"Three cheers for our heroine, Louisa of the Millions."

"It's middy blouses and bloomers today, Nan," said Trix. "We're going to work on the lodge." She tripped lightly down the hall to the guest room. "Louisa, oh Louisa, are you awake?"

"Hardly," answered sleepy voice. "Gracious!" She exclaimed, as she caught sight of Trix in the doorway. "You're all dressed. I never get up as early as this, and I generally have my breakfast in bed."

"Forget it," snapped Trix. Then she colored vividly. "I beg your pardon, Louisa. That was very rude of me. But I am sure you do not want mother to go to all that extra trouble. We want to show you the Lodge today. We're way behind on our work there for we have been busy cleaning house for your arrival. Now we'll have a jolly good breakfast and be off. We take our lunch with us."

"Oh, it's a picnic. Ought I to wear that peach organdie dress?"

"Oh my, no! Put on a middy. By the way, I don't believe you brought one. Wait a minute." Trix scampered back to Nancy.

"Three trunks and not a middy!" she exclaimed in a stage whisper. "Nan, have you an extra blouse? I'll lend her bloomers and a tie."

But Louisa scorned the proffered clothes, and appeared at the breakfast table in a dainty white dress. There were no comments made, however, and after the dishes had been done, Bob, Trix, Nancy, and Louisa started on the tramp for the Lodge.

"The Lodge is really just a rundown old shack on the edge of the lake," explained Trix on the way. "Dad and Bob stayed over night there once last fall, when they were hunting, so we have nicknamed it the Lodge ever since. The owner said we could do anything we liked with it as long as we didn't burn it down. It's a one room cabin, that's about all. But we're fixing it up great. Bob is building up the porch; it was tumbling down. And Nan and I are working on the inside."

"It sounds terribly dirty," said Louisa.

"Sure, but it won't be when we get through," replied Bob.

They scrambled over a hedge, and Louisa's white dress got a bad tear.

"Nan always carries pins," said Trix. "She'll fix it up for you."

They halted for a few minutes, while Nancy patched up the rent.

It wasn't more than a quarter of a mile to the lake, and they were soon there. Bob got out his hammer and nails, and proceeded to pound away at the porch.

"I'm glad we're so nearly through," said Nancy, busy with the

broom on the inside. "I'm just wild to have those farm kiddies—"

"Hush," warned Trix.

"You nearly spilled the beans that time, Nan," said Bob.

"Oh, do tell me about it," begged Louisa, as she wandered from one busy worker to another.

"Put your foot on that plank," commanded Bob. "Now, hold still, while I drive this nail."

Louisa stretched out one pump encased little foot, and did as she was told. She was surprised at herself.

"We ought to tell her," said Nan. "She's got to help us out, since she's to stay three weeks."

"Well, it's like this," began Trix. "We're going to have a story-telling hour three days a week here for the farm-hand children. They are mostly foreigners, and—"

"Won't they be awfully dirty," objected Louisa.

"If they are we'll dip them in the lake," said Bob.

"Anyway," continued Trix, "Dirt or no dirt, Bob is to gather them up in the Ford, and haul 'em down here. We're going to have all our story books and pictures—we got them out of the attic last week—and the kids can look at them. Don't you think it's a fine scheme?"

Louisa was undecided. It would be awfully nice for the children of course. But it might be a bore for the rest of them. They mustn't think of asking her to talk to horrid little foreigners.

Trix and Nancy were dismayed, and Bob whistled with all his might. But they were anxious to get the place finished, and worked with a will. After a while Louisa decided that she could wield a broom, and followed them about sweeping up stray chips and scraps.

They ate their lunch out under a tree, and made quite a picnic of it.

"Just look at Lou," whispered Bob to Trix, as he sprawled out on the pin needles. "She's leaning up against that tree, and I just now saw a bug crawl down her neck. Wouldn't she be horrified, if she knew it?"

"Bob, snip it off this very minute," cried Trix, who hated crawly things.

"Oh, it's gone now. I dare say it dropped down to her waist."

"You horrid boy, you're only teasing."

By the time they arrived home Louisa was a sorry sight. Her pretty dress had met with several accidents, and she decided that she would borrow the middy blouse for the next day.

It wasn't long before the Lodge was finished. The long, low benches were ready; even the gayly colored

cretonne curtains were hung at the windows, and the story books piled neatly on the one big table. All was in readiness.

Louisa was arranging her hair in a more girlish fashion these days, and a faint glow was beginning to spread over her cheeks. One couldn't live in the atmosphere of the Merrill household without catching some of Trix's high spirits, Nan's gentleness and Bob's fun. The family heard less and less of, "In our house the butler"; or "Celeste always does that for me." The mask was fast slipping away.

The first afternoon for the story telling hour the girls were greatly excited as they tramped to the lake. Bob had gone ahead to gather up the children and to explain to bewildered parents that they would be brought back again.

"Oh, Trix suppose they get restless, or don't like the stories you tell or—"

"Hush, Nan. If they don't like my stories, they're bound to like yours."

"I feel sort of nervous like at Mildred Stockwell's wedding," confessed Louisa. "I'm glad that I'm nothing but monitor. I would die of fright if I had to open my mouth."

When they reached the Lodge, they rearranged everything, and then did it all over again. At last Bob appeared with his strange assortment of youngsters. There were eight of them, and they seemed fairly to drip from the car, as they hung over the sides.

Trix marshalled them in and seated them on the benches, chattering away to them all the time. There was an expectant hush and breathless silence, as she started her first story. It surprised her. "Why, the poor kids!" she thought, "I don't believe they have ever heard stories before."

Any embarrassment that she might have felt melted away entirely as she gazed into their eager little faces. They sat spell-bound, as she took them through the Land of Romance. One little fellow, who couldn't understand English wondered out of the room, but no one noticed him.

On and on went Trix. As soon as she finished one, there were excited exclamations.

"Annoder 'tory, please."

And Trix would start again.

Suddenly there was a loud wail from the direction of the lake, and then a *splash!*

Louisa, who was sitting nearest the door, sprang up, and was out of the Lodge, and down to the water's edge in a flash. Trix and Nan followed,

(Continued on page 30)

THE PRACTICAL SCOUT— INDOORS AND OUT

Edited by Eliza Morgan Swift

Commissioner of Colorado Springs

LEAPING FISH AND LAUGHING WATERS

Our Southern Scouts are beginning to get out their gingham dresses and last year's straw hats and wonder which they can turn inside out or upside down for this season's use. Now please don't think I am going to make some wonderfully helpful suggestion about your wardrobes, for I am only calling attention to the fact, that (as I write, it is the first day of spring), and somewhere the buds are ready to burst and the streams are babbling through the woods, unencumbered by the ice and snow which still chains them in the north.

In these streams the fish are moving, after the long, dull winter, leaving the deep waters of the lakes and working their way up against the current to where the trees touch across the narrow threads of water and where the little pools, that lie between, in the sunshine, are safe harbors for the baby fish to come. If you have ever followed the windings of a mountain brook, back from its broad mouthed entrance at the lake, you will wonder how the fishes climb those slippery hills of rocks, how they ever get beyond the first tiny waterfall. And yet they do: with leaps into the air many times their own length, they gain first one little pool at the side of the fall, then a rocky ledge, then over the top with a great effort. Incredible instinct, incredible achievement!

In Canada on all artificial dams, all river obstructions, are built fish ladders, little successive inclosed pools whereby the fish can scale the heights. These ladders are compulsory by law and it is to be hoped that some day our country too, will protect its fish in this way. But in the meantime, Scouts, keep an eye out on your hikes and where you can, pile some rock together here and there, up the dams and waterfalls of your favorite streams, to break the force of the current and to hold little basins of water, "leaping pools" we will call them, for the fishes. If the fishermen in your neighborhood, thank you for your trouble, do you ask

them to return the kindness by using the barbless fish hooks. They will demur at this. Only a few, very, very sporting fishermen, have learned the added excitement which they give to this oldest of all sports, but even if only a few put your suggestion to the test, many an undersized little trout will be saved a lacerated jaw.

It would be interesting to know when the fishing season opens and closes, in each state. In this way we could follow the spring from the Gulf of Mexico to Canada and know when winter would be closing down across the country in the fall. Let us see how many Scouts can send in this information.

OUTDOOR PROBLEM, NO. 1

A Scout is crossing a lake in a row boat. There is a heavy mist and she cannot see the opposite shore. She steers N.E. which is two points of the compass above the spot where she intends to land. She does this to allow for the wind, which is blowing across the lake, from the East. She makes her landing safely; accomplishes her errand and starts for home. The wind has entirely died down, but the mist is still thick on the lake. What course does she steer to return to the starting point?

INDOOR PROBLEM, NO. 1

"I don't mind the cooking, but I do just hate washing dishes." I wish I had counted the number of times I have heard this remark. I believe it would mount up as fast as compound interest. A Girl Scout would never say such a thing. Certainly not! "A Girl Scout is Cheerful." But just the same, I think the Scouts will welcome suggestions for making dish washing easier. There are ways and also simple devices that save a great deal of the hard work. How many of you can send in some practical hint along this line?

NOTE.—All answers to problems should be sent in within two weeks of the date for publication. And remember Scouts this is your page and every contribution you send in that brings an interesting bit of information or helpful suggestion will reach every other Scout and add just that much to our general fund of knowledge and preparedness. Address all communications to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 189 Lexington Ave., New York City. And use postal cards whenever possible.



OUR FEATHERED FRIENDS

Bird lovers are already preparing a Spring welcome for the feathered folk who are returning from their fashionable southern winter resorts; and we will lose a great deal if we let another Summer slip by without adding them to our family circle. A good way to begin is to induce them to build on the premises. Bird houses can be provided to suit their particular taste in architecture. But even without such lavish hospitality we will find them glad to take out a lease, if we will but provide them with material for their cottages. A square box made of wire netting covered with a bit of wood to keep the contents dry, fastened to a tree or piazza post will, if filled with wool, cotton yarn and feathers, induce them to nest nearby.

CARE OF CUT FLOWERS

As soon as received, cut flowers should have their stems clipped half an inch or more, and placed in a deep vase filled with cold water. The stems should be clipped and the water changed daily. In use, the flowers should be placed in a cool location free from draughts. Draughts are especially disastrous to cut flowers.

The best place to put the flowers, if not wanted at once, is the ice box, if it is large enough, as they are preserved by the cool temperature away from the air.

A little cracked ice in the vase every day adds to the keeping possibilities in warm weather.

It is a mistaken idea to believe that the placing of flowers by an open window will prolong their keeping qualities. Keeping flowers in an overheated room is also wrong.

Flowers should not be crowded into a receptacle. To avoid this, never arrange too many flowers in a single vase; and always be sure to have the vase filled to the brim with fresh cool water, and so arranged that the stems do not touch the bottom of the vase.

All flowers should be immersed in the water to fully half the length of the stems.



Our Party Page

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Girl Scouts of Tacoma had a most delightful time at their last Rally. It opened with ensemble singing of the Girl Scout songs, "Everywhere You Go Today," and "Pack Up Your Dinner in Your Brown Knap-sack."

Then followed the formal opening exercise, presentation of prizes, and announcements. Prizes of pennants were presented to Troops 3 and 5. Troop 5 also received a prize of five dollars for Scout equipment. Troop 11 won a prize of one dollar for their Treasury. Troop 5 won the pennant for making the most and the neatest wreaths for the Christmas Sale conducted by the Tacoma Council of Girl Scouts, and the five dollars for holding first place on the Honor Roll for eight consecutive weeks. After announcements were made the Troops gave impromptu stunts.

Troop 1 of Tacoma depicted me-

chanical dolls. Dorothy Steiner represented the little girl doll, and would say "Mom-ma," when bent over; Betty Roberts, the lady of fashion, made use of mirror and powder puff; Margaret Church, the cook doll, stirred batter; Madge Shera, a knight of Sir Arthur's Table Round, drew from its sheath a terribly wicked looking sword; Vanita Williams was the little doll who scattered flowers; Susan Fitch and Charlotte Garlick, as "Babes in the Wood," fed each other as they did not do in the original story; Rhea Newman was a dancing doll. These dolls were presented by Mary D. Baker, who was dressed, after the fashion of former times, in bonnet and Paisley shawl.

Troop 2 also represented mechanical dolls. Alice McCreery, dressed as a modern mother, with her little girl, Isabel Kane, dressed in lacy white frock, entered the doll shop of a lame old man, who was Janet Watson. The lame old man then exhibited the dolls. They were very quaint and charming, some in old-fashioned frocks, a doll from Seville, with lace mantilla and fan, a doll from Italy with basket of fruit and jewels, a cadet doll with smart cap perched on one ear, and presented last of all, small Virginia Phelps, representing a Girl Scout doll, was chosen by the little girl.

Troop 3 sang a song, "Old Glory Is Protecting You," composed by their Captain, Mrs. Ella Edman.

Troop 4 gave a clever little farce, "The Heathen Chinee," which was greeted with bursts of laughter. Jane Macpherson, representing Wing Wu, the Chinaman, was the cause of much merriment, as was Edna Hopkins, who took the part of the cat.

Troop 5, in costume and pantomime, represented familiar books. They called upon the audience to guess the title of the books. Violet Moore in velvet suit with wide lace collar, and curls in golden disarray, had scarcely stepped forward to say "When I am a man I'm going to be President of the United States," before the audience guessed that she was Little Lord Fauntleroy.



Troop 8 presented an original play, written by two members of Troop 8, Alice Griggs and Mary Beutel. The play depicted two boys playing marbles. They were making uncomplimentary remarks about some Girl Scouts who were playing nearby. Later on, the girls were able to render First Aid to one of the boys, who was hurt, and thereby change the boys' opinion of them. The girls who took the parts of the boys were Gladys Ericson and Marion Gibbs. They played their roles with a splendid touch of realism.

Troop 11 gave "Every Girl." Owing to the illness of two members of the cast two changes were made at the last minute, but all the parts were successfully played by those taking part.

Then Troops 2, 8 and 11 competed in a knot-tying contest. The first trial resulted in a tie score. Troop 8 won the second trial.





SCRIBES' CORNER—HOME SCOUT NEWS—

CINCINNATI, OHIO

The Star of Bethlehem Troop 67 from the Santa Maria Institute is only one year old, but some of its members having tasted the joys of Camp Proctor last summer, they were determined not to miss it this year. So they put their heads together at the Business Meetings, decided to give a play, charging 10 cents for Juniors (under 14) and 15 cents for grown-ups. After ransacking the Public Library, they decided the play they liked the best of all was one which appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* of last December, "A Brownie's Dream," by Virginia Matthias. So rehearsals began with fervor, every Scout in the Troop having a part—scissors and needles got busy on the costumes, and on Washington's Birthday, when we also celebrated our first Troop birthday, we made our first appearance before the footlights at St. Peter's Cathedral Hall. We felt honored to have Miss Price, the Cincinnati Girl Scout Director, accept our invitation to attend.

Modesty forbids our saying what we think of that performance, but suffice it to say that the audience enjoyed it and made very nice remarks about it afterwards. Best of all, we cleared over \$10.00 which sends eight happy scouts to camp. Now for the other eight! We are nothing daunted, and hope to have full ranks at "Colors" when the scouts gather at beautiful Camp Proctor, next summer.

BAINBRIDGE, GA.

The Girl Scouts of Bainbridge, with Mrs. Leonard Willis, captain, have been happily surprised by a gift from D. T. Sutherland, owner of machine shops of this city. The girls were planning to mark the tree planted by them on last arbor day in Willis Park with a tablet and when they asked the prices of same they learned of the gift. The tablet has been received and is a beautiful one of brass, eight by ten and bears the inscription: "Planted by Girl Scouts of Bainbridge, Georgia, December 9, 1921."

At an early date the Girl Scouts will place the tablet with appropriate exercises and will have Mr. Sutherland for their guest on the occasion. Splendid work has been recently done by the Girl Scouts in the collection of clothing for the poor.



The Brownie's Dream—Troop 67, Cincinnati—Read about them on this page.

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

Our troop was organized in June, 1921. In the last week of June, we went camping at Camp Carlile, fifty-two miles from here. We were taken out in cars thus eliminating the railroad expense. While at Camp Carlile, our scouts took many tests. We practised signalling, rowing, swimming, drilling and many other useful things. We did our own cooking and practised bandaging.

During the rest of the summer, we took several overnight hikes. Late in August, a body made up of patrol leaders asked the City Commissioner for a room in Convention Hall. The Commissioner gave us the room and fixed it up for us at the expense of \$500.

In September, at the State Fair, we had a booth and sold ice-cream cones, pop-corn and candy. We cleared about \$25.00, which we used to furnish our room. In November we had a Rummage Sale netting \$20.00. We also used this for our room.

We had Thrift Week and received \$16.00 from this.

We have a Basket Ball Team and have played three outside games. We have won two of these.

We also have started a Vacation Fund to help pay for our coming Summer. When each scout has a birthday, she puts in this fund the number of pennies that she is old. We soon expect to have a waffle supper and use the proceeds for camping. In our room, we have a porcelain pig bank, and in this we put our extra change at scout meetings to buy our captain a Gold Thanks Badge.

The Boy Scouts of Troop 1 entertained us with a Hallowe'en party and we gave them in return a Christmas party. We also entertained the new girls at a Valentine's party.

The Bicycle Patrol blazed a trail for our hike the following Saturday. They did splendid work.

So here's three cheers for our Captain who has helped us so much!

M. A. T.,
Scribe.

AUGUSTA, MAINE

A short time ago the Girl Scouts challenged the Boy Scouts to a race. The troop which had the greatest percentage of Second Class scouts at the end of one month was to be entertained by the losing troop. Of course the Girl Scouts won.

Friday night, the 13th of January, was the evening chosen by the boys to take the girls to Norridgewock on a straw ride and on their return an oyster supper was served in the Domestic Science room at the High School.

The trip to Norridgewock was made in two teams, one driven by Mr. Sirois, and the other by William Hoyt. They were accompanied by Scout Master Clement Downs and Scout Captain Helen Downs and the evening was a jolly occasion for both the defeated scouts, who were the splendid hosts of the evening, and the victorious scouts, the girls, the guests of the evening. These young people heartily appreciate the work which the scout master and scout captain, Mr. and Mrs. Downs, are doing for them.

—AND SCOUTING NEWS FROM ABROAD



The following letter which was sent in by Miriam Benard of Providence, R. I., is sure to prove interesting to every Girl Scout.

My dear Miriam:

Very many thanks for your most interesting letter which I received this morning. It was a great surprise, as about two months ago I read in our magazine, *The Guide*, that English Guides were wanted to correspond with American Girl Scouts. The idea appealed to me so I sent to the head office for an address but heard nothing further, until I received your letter, so you can guess what a pleasant surprise it was.

I hope you do not mind my addressing you as Miriam, but we are all "sisters," aren't we? Would you mind calling me Florrie as I always think "Florence" sounds so stiff and unfriendly, and we mean to be the best of friends, don't we? At least, I do. It will be lovely to write and tell each other all the news.

Yes! I am seventeen years old but I look quite young; everybody thinks I am only fourteen or fifteen at the most—you see, I am barely five feet and I certainly feel very young and am quite a "tom boy," for I love "running wild."

I have not been a Patrol Leader long, as I have only just been transferred to my present company. I am rather excited for last week I was made Pack Leader of the Brownies—

I think you call them Blue Birds, do you not?

Do you have far to go to your meetings? I have to go about two and one-half miles but go by train generally.

Naturally, you will be wondering what I am like. I am not a very exciting person, but in two points I am like you: I have brown eyes and hair, the latter is never tidy, although I keep having it "bobbed" saying "now perhaps it will keep tidy," but unlike you, I am not very tall.

So glad you have a nice time at camp. I did not go this year but had a splendid time last year with my old company. We went right out in the country, the nearest village being four miles away. We were at a farm so slept in a huge barn, and then I had a most exciting time.

We had a Rally in July for the whole of our district, over 4,000 Guides were present. Princess Mary (the Girl Guide President) inspected us. After the "march fast" she was perfectly sweet, for she spoke to each company separately. She presented us with a silver cup which we won for sports. Mrs. Low, the Chief Girl Scout of America, was also there and was met at the entrance by a Guide carrying an American Flag.

Probably you will think I live in a very busy part of London, but far from it; we are about ten miles from the city and are really quite in the

country although not far from the town which is about two and one-half miles away. I love the country but it is nice to be in easy distance of town as the country is not at all exciting in the winter.

How long have you been a Girl Scout? By the way, it seems so funny to say Girl Scout as we are called Girl Guides and only have Boy Scouts in England. I like your name best, though, as it sounds more useful somehow. Do please write to me again soon, won't you? Even your tiniest items of news will be of great interest to me. Isn't it wonderful to think we are all working together for the good of our country? I am so terribly keen on Guide work.

We have about fifty girls in our company, ranging in age from twelve to nineteen and we keep getting new recruits so we are really quite a big company. We had a concert last March and after expenses were paid had a balance of fifteen pounds with which we have bought a Union Jack and company colors, which is a blue flag with "2nd W. Finchley" worked in silk and a huge First Class badge and its emblem, "Be Prepared," in the middle. Both these flags are to be dedicated soon. This will be quite a solemn ceremony.

Once more asking you to write soon, and hoping you are not bored with all this writing I must now close with best wishes, I am,

Your cousin Guide,
FLORRIE BURLEY.

SWAMPSMOTT, MASS.

The very nicest thing that happened to us this year was when the Swampscott Boy Scouts asked us to play for their parade on their Annual Field Day. Field Day found us ready and we had a fine time. Seats were reserved on the Grand Stand for us. Now comes the part we are so proud of as it shows the real Scout spirit between our Boy and Girl Scouts. Armistice Day we were to parade with the home-town people, and the night before I was told that before the parade started the next morning the Swampscott Girl Scout Bugle and Drum Corps were to be presented with a silk American Flag and carrier in thanks for our services and help to them. Can't you imagine it was a proud group of Girl Scouts who marched down the double line of *real soldiers* to be met half way



Girl Scouts can cook out of doors in more ways than one! Lexington, Mass.

down the line of march by the Boy Scouts carrying such a beautiful flag. They made a splendid speech when it was presented, and now our flag is our most cherished possession.

M. B.

SOUTH MANCHESTER, CONN.

"In connection with a church supper at the Center Congregational church in South Manchester, Conn. Troop No. 1 Girl Scouts held a candy sale. A table was placed in the corner of the room and prettily decorated with yellow crepe paper and daffodils. Wax lily cups were filled with home-made candy and sold for ten cents a cup and during the fifteen or twenty minutes between the supper and the entertainment, the Scouts passed among the audience with the candy. In that interval they were entirely sold out, netting \$11.85 which will be put by towards the Camp Fund. It is earnestly hoped that enough money can be earned between now and June to send every member of the Troop to the Camp at Gales Ferry this summer."

M. E. T.,
Captain.

JOLLY GIRL SCOUTS



COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

For two years the Colorado Springs Scouts had Inter Troop contests, when one of the chief points was for each Scout to do some "Home work" regularly, and this had to be reported on to the captain by the scout's mother. It might be washing the supper dishes, feeding the chickens, doing the ironing, or perhaps always remembering to hang up coats and hats—an endless variety of tasks were decided upon as "Home work," and from the reports which the mothers turned in, these tasks were well and faithfully done.

This year, our Officers Association, an organization of Captains and Lieutenants, who meet regularly to make plans for Scouting, decided to emphasize the "Home Scout" throughout the month of March, and they are all preparing their older scouts for the Homemaker badge, and the younger ones for cooking, table setting, and bed making tests.

The story given below was written by a Scout in Colorado Springs and we think it MUST have been intended for our "Home Number."

A Good Turn

Mary Lee walked slowly down the street. It was raining, and although sheltered by an umbrella, she felt

damp all over, even in spirits. It was unnatural for Mary Lee to be downcast. Yet she had a right to be sad. It was Friday, the day of the week-end party at the Scout cabin, and oh, how she longed to go.

She could almost see all the girls in the troop. Some of them were gaily preparing supper; some with glowing cheeks were cutting food for the roaring fire in the fireplace; one or two might be building lean-tos for their pioneer tests; after supper they would sing and listen to Miss Reading's lovely stories. But whatever they were doing, there was not one of them who was not having the time of her life; and Mary Lee had never wanted to be anywhere quite so

much.

How she envied them!

But Mary could not go. Her mother was home, sick in bed. Little Betty Lee had a bad cold. So, of course, being a Girl Scout, she would stay at home and care for them.

"Is that you, Mary?" her mother asked with a weary voice. "I thought you'd never get home. Where have you been all this time?"

"I've been coming as fast as I could, Mother," answered Mary, as she entered. "Are you feeling any better?"

"My back has been aching all day. No, I don't feel any better. I wish that I could have something hot for—"

"Of course, mother, I am just getting ready to prepare you some broth. They taught me to make all kinds of good things in Scouting."

"I wish you wouldn't talk about the Scouts all the time. You'd learn more if you stayed at home."

Just then Betty started to cry; so Mary petted and comforted her.

At last, when everything was done and when she was in her white bed, Mary sobbed and sobbed.

"I don't seem to receive many thanks for staying away from the Scout party," she thought, "and the

girls will just think that I didn't want to come. Oh, if they only knew."

But little did Mary Lee know that at just that moment Miss Reading was saying, "Bless Mary Lee's heart. I suppose that the poor child had to stay at home and take care of her sick mother. I believe I shall take some ripe fruit to Mrs. Lee when we get back. Really, I think that Mary is one of my best Scouts."

Contributed by Virginia Manning of Silver Spruce Troop.

GREENVILLE, S. C.

Although still in their infancy Eagle Troop No. 1 of Greenville, South Carolina, has been working hard to show the "stuff" they are made of. Many complex situations have arisen but the Girl Scouts have always come "smilin' thru." Although without a leader they clung together for about four months and were all on deck to welcome their new officer.

The most important thing the Scouts have done yet was when they adopted a family of four children whose father and mother were ill with tuberculosis. After Christmas they did not let the matter drop. The children have all been examined by the City Health Officer. We are now looking forward to cooperating in every way with the Health Officials during the tonsil and adenoid operations which were found necessary. We also plan to do without a few of our parties and furnish the family with milk each day. As a beginning we have given up our Valentine Day Party.

M. C. E., Lieutenant.



U HOUSEKEEPERS

TULSA, OKLA.

We have between one hundred and fifty and two hundred registered scouts and many others who are getting ready to be enrolled.

Troop No. 1 has fifty-one registered scouts with nine girls just beginning Tenderfoot work.

Some of our High School scouts made half a dozen little dresses for Ruby and Robbie, our little sixteen month old twins out at the Children's Home. Two of the girls are filling one of the requirements for the Child Nurse badge by "borrowing" these twins and caring for them on Saturdays.

As yet we have no Local Director, but feeling the need of unifying our work, the commissioned officers met and formed an organization that will meet once a month and discuss the various problems that arise from time to time.

M. E. M.

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.

Twenty-five girl scouts in San Diego, California, the Owaissa troop of the Florence school, proved their fitness to be the future home-makers of the nation recently by cooking and serving a six-course dinner at the Zlac boat house. The judges agreed that the heart of the man of the coming generation was likely to be satisfied if the shortest road thereto was, according to the time-old adage, through the alimentary canal. Each course was voted "still more delicious" from the fruit cocktail to the home-made ice cream and cake.

The table was decorated with a centerpiece representing a camping scene, and each place card bore a

Girl Scout button as a souvenir of the evening. A bunch of violets also lay beside the plate of each of the three judges.

Scouts Winnona Rummery and Julia Fraley, who were working for the hostess badge, made introductions and found cozy window seats which gave the best possible scenic views of the bay under the reflected lights.

The dinner was the final test which the 25 scouts were required to pass for their cook merit badges, and was under the direction of the troop captain, Miss Constance Vogt, and the lieutenant, Miss Rachel Lindburg.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

Troop 12 was registered May 6th with two full patrols. It was not long before there were four full patrols.

In August, the girls gave a Lawn Fete, at which they made over fifty dollars. For this we made fifty pounds of candy, almost a hundred pop-corn balls, and thirty-five cakes.

We helped a man twice who is sick and has a wife and five children. He has no one to do his work but his wife. We made clothes for a baby who came and didn't have many.

At Christmas time we sent out eleven baskets to the needy families, and we gave to the Children's Hospital thirty dolls, thirty-five sacks of candy.

In February the girls gave a Mother and Daughter Party. There were over a hundred present. We had a fine program on which there was a play called "School Days."

Our troop now consists of forty girls, two lieutenants, and two mascots. One is a large Airedale dog, and the other a girl who was not old enough to be a scout but was very anxious to be, so the girls voted to take her in as a mascot. She is now eight years old.

R. S.,
Secretary,
Troop 12.



PITTSBURGH, PA.

Two rather crestfallen Scouts appeared at Pittsburgh headquarters one hot day last summer. They had been on a fruitless quest for a baby to "practice on" for the Child Nurse Proficiency Badge. Neither of them had a baby brother or sister or even cousin and none of the neighbors in the fashionable part of the city where they lived seemed eager to trust their babies to a pair of willing fourteen-year-olds! Pittsburgh headquarters, not having a reserve list of babies ready to be practiced on, had to postpone the solution of the problem but fortunately the Scouts arranged matters for themselves.

They came bounding into headquarters a few days later fairly bursting with their news. They had arranged to serve as volunteer nurses aids at Soho Day Nursery in the poorest section of Pittsburgh where babies of all colors and nationalities are left in the morning by working mothers and safely collected again at night. And through the hottest part of a very hot summer they spent four hours a day learning child care with dozens of babies to "practice on." The nurse in charge could not say enough nice things about the Scouts' quickness to learn, willingness to obey orders and dependability. She put in a standing order for any other Scouts whose own homes could not furnish the required subjects for the Child Care Badge. And two Scouts in Pittsburgh have gone back to their homes with a new vision of service.

Philadelphia Girl Scouts

Edited by
FRANCES CLARK
Director

OUR DOMESTIC BROWNIES

The Brownies at Waterview Play-ground have proven such a success that their Captain Miss Ginder, has been deluged with letters from grateful mothers who are perfectly delighted at having such busy little bees helping them in their homes.

Captain Ginder is running a Pack Contest, points being awarded as follows:

Errand	1 point
Wash dishes	2 "
Dry dishes	2 "
Combing own hair	1 "
Making bed	4 "
Keeping a wash dress clean enough to wear 3 times....	5 "
Keeping yard in order.....	2 "
Having an average at school of E. E. 8 plus.....	5 "
Having an average at school of 9	6 "
Having an average at school of E. E. 9.....	7 "

Gold stars are awarded for excellence.

The Fairy Pack seems to be rather in the lead on earning points, but all the packs are working hard and doing well.

NEEDLEWOMAN'S BADGE

Troop 32 has been hard at work with the girls all trying for their Needlewoman Badge and they are doing something nice for some unfortunate babies into the bargain for they have been spending some time making beautiful little dresses which are to be presented to Methodist Deaconess House at 6th and Vine Streets and be distributed from there.

The girls have been so pleased with the results of their labor that they are now going to start in and make some more dresses to present to the Visiting Nurse Society. Material has been promised them for this purpose by a sympathetic friend.

TROOP 85

Baptist Church, Frankford Ave.
Dear Members of Headquarters:

I am writing this letter to you as the Scribe of Troop 85. We wish to acquaint you with the doings of our troop. Last Thursday was our anniversary and we had a social in honor of it. On that night we presented the minister of that Church with a very pretty book marker for the new Pulpit Bible. It was purple satin with yellow fringe on the ends of it and a yellow anchor worked on one end.

Last week we all brought clothes to fill a barrel which was to be sent to the South for the needy negroes there. As a whole our troop has worked hard and with great results.

Hoping that you will appreciate our acts and will approve of them, I, the representative of our troop, bring the doings of our troop to you

Respectfully yours,

ANNA BACHMAN,
Scribe of Troop 85.

Captain Miss Black:

The "Members of Headquarters" are very glad to receive your letter, Anna, and appreciate your acts and approve of them. We shall be glad to have some more letters from Scribes.

"SCOUTING"

*Tune: "Humming"
Words by Captain B. O. Alexander,
Troop 32*

When other ones are sad,

We are always gay Mm—

You'll always find us glad,

That's the Girl Scout way Mm—

When drilling seems quite long,

"Tis shortened by a song,

That's just why Girl Scouting pays.

Chorus

Keep on Scouting

All through the winter snow.

Keep on Scouting

Till summer flowers grow.

Camp days are coming,

Knapsack and kit,

Over the meadows happily will we skip.

Keep on Scouting

And do your bit each day,

Scattering cheer all the way.

Merits you earn as you do your good turn,

Keep right on Scouting alway.

A REAL SCOUT

We know of one girl who is showing of what stuff a regular Scout is made. She is a member of Troop No. 43, Second Class Scout, and is thirteen years old.

Her brother who was away from home was taken ill so her mother had

to go to him leaving the household in charge of this Scout.

She took entire charge of the house-keeping and marketing not to mention looking after younger brother and sister and getting them off to school every day.

She is doing some sewing for the church and making a layette for a baby whose father is out of work and the mother therefore unable to provide it with the necessary clothing.

She is regularly attending school, dancing school, and taking music lessons and is trying to earn her dressmaker's badge by making her uniform. She is also trying to earn some money by knitting.

Isn't she a regular Scout?

HONOR ROLL—FEBRUARY

Troop No. 105, Miss Stehli, Captain, 95 per cent; Troop No. 97, Miss Zeeb, Captain, 92 per cent; Troop No. 134, Miss Taggart, Captain, 92 per cent; Troop No. 143, Miss Feaster, Captain, 91 per cent.

THE MINSTREL SHOW

All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, so they say. The same idea applies to girls—of all ages. The officers in District No. 5 decided to entertain the Scouts, parents, friends—also Headquarters; the outcome being a Minstrel Show. For weeks we heard of preparations and we all looked forward to the event with anticipation.

The "Minstrels" were bewitching in their pink dresses and sunbonnets—oh, yes, the faces were black and no mistake. Miss Rebmann was the efficient interlocutor while Miss Martin and Miss Ginder held down the jobs of "end men." The songs were interpretive in many ways, we learned that Miss Whitney knew all about the old swimming hole even though she resented the display of a pair of tights. Miss Barnes is an excellent child's nurse and lulled her little pickaninny to sleep with a charming lullaby. Miss Ginder, with tears in her voice bellowed forth, "I ain't nobody's darling," but as she was the only performer who was presented with a really, truly bouquet we "have our doubts." Speaking of "bouquets" there were several tokens of affection and appreciation bestowed upon the stars, ranging from gum drops and nuts on tooth picks to onions, carrots, cabbages, celery, and lemons.

The aesthetic dance entitled "Here Comes Spring" or something of that sort was interpreted by the end men in a whirlwind fashion. The whole show was good.

O - L A F - A - L O T

THE summer I was twelve I had among my birthday presents a Great Dane, and a portable playhouse. The dog was already named Olaf so I called the house O-Laf-a-Lot, and it has proved to be well named.

I had a wonderful time furnishing it because at this period of my existence I first discovered the five and ten cent stores where I bought most of my kitchen utensils.

All my relatives gave me house-keeping presents from time to time so that in a year or two I had a

really well furnished house.

Such fun as I had learning to work! Cooking was perfectly thrilling and I loved doing it! From afternoon teas for the family and simple lunches for my friends, I, in a couple of years, attained the height of a buffet supper for fourteen one hot night in July. The menu was: Stuffed eggs, hot rolls (one boy ate six), salmon au mayonnaise, vegetable salad, pine-apple sherbet, chocolate cake, iced tea and orangeade—and it took me the whole day to get ready for that grand event.

Sometimes after the regular meeting Goldenrod Troop had picnic lunches there, and there I studied, and learned various things for Merit Badges. I had a hand sewing machine on which I made all the curtains and cushions and seats for chairs, as well as a shirtwaist and skirt for my Needlewoman and Dressmaker's Badges. Here I mounted my flowers and watched birds come to my two bird baths and numerous bird houses. Wrens built almost near enough to touch as we sat



on the porch. A Phoebe raised two broods close to the window over the kitchen sink. The nest was atop a piece of stove pipe which went out of the living room and then turned up at right angles. All sorts of birds came to bathe but the ones who seemed to love the water most were catbirds, song sparrows and robins.

I had both a flower and a vegetable garden which kept me very busy. The vegetable garden I started as war work 1916. The first year I sold some fresh vegetables and canned the remainder, and cleared about thirty-five dollars after deducting expenses. The next year I canned a great deal (but not all from my own garden) and earned about eighty-nine dollars. Last year I had to fill a number of orders and did some early canning. In August I went to the Adirondacks and found

on my return that my nice garden had been ploughed up by the order of the superintendent, all my tomatoes, lima beans ruined. So I only earned forty-five dollars. This money I put in the bank and use for charity—in that way I do not have to beg from my mother when Red Cross, Salvation Army or Girl Scouts pass the hat.

I had been working so hard for the Golden Eaglet, which I won recently, that I have not yet tried for the Canning Badge.

O-Laf-a-Lot has been the greatest help in making me understand things for the Cooking, Laundry, Home-maker's Badges and parts of the Citizen's Badge and others.

The names and "remarks" in the guest book make me recall the wonderful times my friends and I have had there both summer and winter with dear Olaf the most perfect dog in the world, always on guard, happy days never forgotten with many more to follow, I hope.

A PURCHASE SCOUT.





Troop 1 of Kenton, Ohio, had such a successful plan of making money last year that they are doing the same thing this season. We believe that other troops may find this idea valuable.

One of the leading department stores gave them the use of one of the best counters and show cases in the front of the store. They displayed and sold flowers and corsage bouquets which they had made of crepe paper and organdie. In just two Saturdays they cleared over \$200.00.

In order that you may see how simple it is to make these charming flowers we are giving you a few directions below:

An eighth of a yard of good quality, imported organdy costing about twenty cents is sufficient to make quite a number of flowers. You need a bundle of stamens, a spool of wire for stems, and some narrow strips of gum tissue for covering the stems. These may be bought from any dealer in artificial flowers. When making the organdy flowers, it is well to use a variety of soft shades and arrange the petals in a natural way. If possible, copy from a real flower or an illustrated seed catalogue. If unable to get shades of organdy you desire, you will find it very simple to tint white organdy with soap dyes.

Canterbury bells are very easy to make. Cut a bias strip of organdy one and one-half inches wide and five inches long. Roll one long edge with the thumb and finger moistening the finger slightly, or roll the edge on a hat-pin, drawing out the pin afterwards. Give the edge four or five turns so that the roll will look smooth and keep its shape. Three stamens doubled, two yellow and one black, make a good center for almost any shade of flower. Cut length of wire for the stem and twist one end about the center of the stamens, then fold the stamen double and give the wire another twist to hold them in place. Now roll the strip of organdy spirally around the

stamens, rolled edge outside, plait in the raw edges and sew to the stem. Draw the end of the strip down to the base of flower and fasten firmly with a few stitches. Wrap the thread around the gathered-in edges two or three times to make a smooth finish, then apply the gummed tape. Fasten one end at the base of the flower, covering the stitches and raw edges, then roll it around the stem until it is entirely covered and adheres smoothly. (Full directions for organdy flowers with illustrations can be found in the March issue of *Modern Priscilla*.)

Very pretty jonquils can be made out of crepe paper—as follows: Cut a piece of wire about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long, wind with a piece of orange paper one-half inch wide and a foot long, paste the end down. Take another piece of crepe paper about 2 inches long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide—clip ends in four scallops and stretch the center of the paper—pasting two ends together to make a cup shape. Ruffle the scallops, using the first finger and thumb. Cut six pieces of lighter yellow crepe paper shape of rose leaves, and place evenly around the cup shape with the yellow stamen in the center, at the same time hold stem in place. Wind the stem with green paper about $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch in width.

(Material for crepe paper flowers can be obtained from the Dennison Mfg. Co., Fifth Ave. and 26th St., New York City.)

A CORRECTION

"Little Sister Interferes," in the March issue, was written by "Helen Ward Banks." We regret exceedingly that the name was misspelled.

GOLDEN EAGLETS

Doris Simpson Troop No. 1, Hyannis, Mass.; Elizabeth Peabody, Troop No. 9, Columbus, Ga.; Mary Marshall, Troop No. 2, Newton, Mass.; Ruth Keen, Troop No. 33, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Carolyn Vandenoort, Troop No. 2, West New York, N. J.; Dorothy Horn, Troop No. 26, Toledo, Ohio; Esther Watson, Troop No. 1, Barrington, R. I.; Adelaide Casey, Troop No. 7, Binghamton, N. Y.; Erma Disbrow, Troop No. 6, Binghamton, N. Y.

Correction

The name of Helen Fass, Troop No. 12, Scranton, Pa., was omitted by error from the list of Golden Eaglets in the February issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

LIFE SAVING AWARD
Ada Voss, Danvers, Ill.

MONTPELIER, IND.

Cardinal Troop Girl Scouts has been organized a year, and celebrated their first anniversary with a Lincoln's Birthday party, in the Red Men's hall. Each member was privileged to invite a girl friend, and nearly fifty gathered at the hall for a most delightful evening. The hall decorations were patriotic in nature, and table appointments were in keeping with the occasion. A sumptuous carry-in supper was served at a long table in the hall, at 7:30. The remainder of the evening was spent informally at games and music.

The troop is a very active one one of their special acts of duty deserving special mention was that of keeping the parks in the public squares free of paper and debris the past summer.

MRS. E. E.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

The Girl Scouts of Greenfield Troop 3 wish to introduce themselves to THE AMERICAN GIRL and its readers. We have only been formed since 1919. The following are some of the things we have done:

1. We presented the picture "The Golden Eaglet" at one of the theatres in town, the proceeds of which went toward our quota.
2. We received permission to sell candy at the suppers held in the different churches.
3. We earned money and filled baskets at Thanksgiving time.
4. We gathered used toys, painted them and gave them to children at Christmas.
5. We enjoyed many hikes.
6. January 7th the girls of our basket ball team went to Shelburne Falls to play the Blue Bird Troop of that town. The game was called at three o'clock. Our team won with a score of 10-6. After the game, the Blue Bird Troop served us with hot chocolate, sandwiches and cookies.
- Patrol 3 invited Patrols 1, 2 and 4 to a hare and hound chase on February 11th. The trail led over brooks, across fences, through fields and woods over hills and through valleys. Several girls did stunts such as making a three-minute speech. We brought our lunch and hot cocoa was served when we reached our destination.

A Court of Honor, consisting of patrol leaders, Corporals, our Lieutenant and Captain, has been formed. A Girl Scout Council has been organized recently and will be of great benefit to the troops in the future.

M. B. G.,
Scribe.

A BRAVE SCOUT

The National Executive Board has voted the Bronze Life Saving Medal to Miss Hopkins and is proud of such a Scout. Every Girl Scout in this country may feel a thrill of sisterly pride in this fine record for the great thing about it is that it is reflected back on all of us. Let us all try to be worthy of such an example!

Miss Helen Hopkins (a Girl Scout Captain) accompanied by a boy cousin was one of eleven people in mezzanine boxes when the roof of the Knickerbocker Theatre, in Washington, D. C., fell, hurling the boxes to the ground and pinning Miss Hopkins under heavy beams.

One arm was crushed and powerless but with its injured hand she found that of her relative and held it in hers until she felt it grow cold in death. With the other hand, although from pressure it was swollen



so that the thumb and forefinger could scarcely meet she kept pinching the injured parts of her body so that through the shock of pain she could retain consciousness.

From the first she realized that unless she was able to communicate with the rescuers all those around her would perish as she alone had strength enough to make herself heard. Besides singing and cheering the dying and injured about her she called constant directions to those seeking among the snow and debris for living bodies and after four hours incarceration was rescued by an officer and soldiers from Fort Myer. These men could not find words in which to praise her courage and when they attempted to tell her of their admiration she said that she was a Girl Scout and could do no less.

Because of her resourcefulness in attracting the attention of the rescue parties and her clear directions as to where she was entombed, ten people were taken out alive though unconscious who would otherwise have died of suffocation.

Recited at a Mother and Daughter Banquet held in Bloomfield, N. J., by Troop 4.

OUR MOTHERS

Madame Chairman, Sister Scouts and friends:

As speaker for Patrol 1, I assure you we feel the most distinctive honor has come to us in being selected to pay tribute to our loved and loving guests "Our Mothers."

The word Mother is composed of six letters, so I thought I'd divide my talk into six parts, just as Dr. Sinclair does his sermons.

Now, "M" stands for the sweetest word in the English language, "Mother," and every girl here will join me when I say "Nix on the girl who can't have a good time when her mother is about."

"O"—What could "O" stand for except plain *Obedience*, for every girl knows she's right up against it if she doesn't "obey orders," and yet no real girl cares to talk much about obedience, for it's a long word and just as hard as it is long—as no doubt any mother present as well as our Captain could vouch for.

"T" stands for that little word *Try*.—A veritable golden key that every Scout must carry with her and make good use of would she enter the Castle of the Golden Eaglet that lies at the top of Scouting Hill.

"H" stands for *Home*. Home means Mother. Together they stand for happiness that no other combination in the world can give.

"E" stands for *Eats*, of course, three times a day the world over. Who ever could make eats like mother? One reason why we are having such a good time this evening is because we had a real mother back of our program of E A T S.

"R" stands for *Right*. Seems to me we are on the right track, headed for the right way when we have as our right hand supporters in work and play "our mothers."

RUTH KYMER.

Send Pictures and News for the Big Camping Number of the American Girl which is coming next month.



WILLIAM S. HART IN TRAVELIN' ON

Every Girl Scout who is fond of animals is sure to enjoy this picture. Many, many times we have all seen the "painted" horse, that William Hart likes to ride—but this is the first time we have seen him with a "monkey." We believe that even though he did run away during a storm and you had to look for him all night—you couldn't help but love him just the way "J. B." (William Hart) does in this picture.

This picture is staged way back in 1880 and shows what a struggle a minister had to build his church in those days in a frontier town. Just how "J. B." helps, is the plot of the story so we won't tell you but let you find out for yourselves.

If this is "William Hart's" last picture (as is rumored), be sure and go and see it for there is no one who can ride and shoot better!

A Paramount Picture.

DON'T FORGET!

"The Golden Eaglet," your own moving picture, is always available for use at entertainments.

UHRICHSVILLE, OHIO

Don't fail to see "Patsy" was an advertisement in our daily paper for several weeks. "Patsy" was a comedy in two acts, was given by the Buckeye Troop No. 2. Besides the play, we had an opening chorus, skits between acts and an orchestra. The Scouts made the posters, dressing dolly dingle dolls in crepe paper dresses and pasting them on posters and printing the advertisements.

The net proceeds amounted to \$188, being more than enough to buy suits, hats and pins for the troop.

A. T., Capt.

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ROSE'S EXPERIMENT

(Continued from 7)

of her hostess. "She tried to keep me from it, but I wouldn't listen. To try to be especially beautiful and effective, I dyed this wreath on my hat, also my old white shoes. Hence the awful, awful smell. My shoes have nearly killed my feet, I never suffered so in my whole life, and now they've split in a hundred directions. I'm so glad I could sing!"

She laughed outright in sheer relief and gradually, as the whole thing dawned on their minds, the others joined her.

"So, you see, Mrs. Marvin, I can hardly for many, many reasons join your automobile party."

It was decided, however, after much laughter and more talk that Rose assuredly must go. A pair of bedroom slippers, bright red in hue, proved to be the nearest thing of Mrs. Marvin's that would stay on her feet, and a plain black sailor, somewhat the worse for its summer wear took the place of the despised ornamental headgear.

The gay trip to the hospital with its call on Lucy proved to be the most successful part of the party, for Rose, like Caesar of old, was herself again.

"We all have to live and learn, Rose," Mrs. Marvin told her, finally, as she held her hand warmly in parting. "You know your dye scheme wouldn't have been half bad if you had only tried it out far enough ahead so that your productions could have aired. But the fresh article! O, my!" and they burst into renewed laughter.

Rose rode home in the Marvin car in solitary state. The plain black sailor adorned her head and the bright felt slippers dangled from her feet. In her lap, reposed the wreath encircled hat and two very delapidated shoes, much the worse for wear and frankly and unmistakably dyed, were on the seat beside her.

Tom shouted when she scuffed into the house, the red slippers flapping, coolie-wise, up and down. She grinned back at him and related all the harrowing details, step by step, to her amused and interested family.

"You see we all have to live and learn," Mr. Harrington remarked, chuckling from the depths of his easy chair, his eyes fixed on the bright red foot covering.

"That's just what nice Mrs. Marvin said," Rose added. "The really important thing, though, I've figured out, is the 'learn' part."

THE END

BOOKS TO HELP YOU WIN YOUR HOMEMAKING BADGES

LAST year we reviewed too little books which we especially recommended to Girl Scouts and Brownies as extremely valuable to them in winning their Cooking and Sewing Badges.

This issue of the magazine brings them again to mind, for "Home" makes us think of Cooking and Sewing—badges you all want to win—so we suggest that you buy, read and study these books—"Cooking Without Mother's Help" and "Sewing Without Mother's Help," written by Clara I. Judson. They may be purchased for \$1.00 each from your own bookstore or from the publishers, The Nourse Company, New York City.

The Girl Scout edition of "The Junior Cook Book," by Mrs. Clara Ingram Judson, on sale at National Headquarters, is another book which contains recipes and menus for young cooks. This book is intended for a more experienced and older girl than "Cooking Without Mother's Help," and sells for 75c a copy. It is published by Barse & Hopkins, New York.

Other books to help you win your Homemaker's Badge are: "Housewifery," L. Ray Balderston, pub-

lished by Lippincott, "The Home and the Family," by Helen Kinne and Anna Cooley. "Foods and Household Management," by Helen Kinne and Anna Cooley, both published by Macmillan Company. "Feeding the Family," M. S. Rose, Macmillan. "Handbook of Food and Diet," American School of Home Economics, Chicago.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Scouts of Troop 11 and their captain, Mrs. Beebe, are taking charge of a rather unusual nursery, at the Forest Heights Congregational Church. Parents coming to church leave their small children in the parish rooms, where the scouts keep them amused and good until service is over. Real practice in "Child Care" is necessary, as some of the babies are very little ones, as young as six months. The older children, up to five years, are kept busy with kindergarten blocks, and story-telling is now a regular scout activity with the troop. Still older children are called for at their homes by scouts, when their parents cannot take them out, brought to Sunday School, and taken home again. The girls in charge of the nursery go first to Sunday School, and then, by "taking turns," attend part of the church services also.

Campers, Attention!

We have at National Scout Headquarters a limited number of copies of the

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BROOKLYN, N. Y.

About 250 Girl Scouts led by a band made up of scouts from various troops, won applause for their first aid demonstration at the Thirteenth Regiment Armory, Sumner and Jefferson avenues, at the recent interscholastic athletic meet of Erasmus Hall High School. This was the first time in the history of Scouting in Brooklyn that the girls were permitted to take part in the meet. The band that led the girls is the beginning of a borough band which was suggested some time ago. The bands of Troops 45 and 55 which are the best in the borough will probably be consolidated to form the nucleus of the borough band.

The girls marched in squads and when the middle of the floor was reached divided into sections. The demonstrations were given by Troops 41, 45, 65, 104, 71, 75, 87, 106 and 115.

While scouts signaled from each corner of the floor, four patrols from Troop 41 and 75 applied arm bandages, and four patrols from Troops 71 and 87 demonstrated leg bandaging. These eight patrols then demonstrated "one man carries." The other bandages which were applied by groups of four patrols were: Head, Troops 104 and 65; shoulders, Troop 55; slings and splints, tourniquet and respiration, Troops 106 and 115. The heads and shoulders group demonstrated chair carries and the group demonstrating slings and splints showed the stretcher carry. The tourniquet and respiration groups showed the asphyxiation carry.

Mrs. Maud Canfield, borough commissioner; Miss Anna Harvey, deputy commissioner; Mrs. E. A. Gearon, secretary, and Mrs. Joseph Stephens, treasurer of the Borough Council, as well as a number of the other members of the council, were in the reviewing stand.

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BRONX, N. Y.

The Bronx Council has a very unique and original way of rewarding Girl Scouts for showing *Courtesy, Squareness, and Common Sense*. If a Captain sees that one of her girls is fully living up to her scout laws and is really a good scout, she tells the Girl Scout Council about it. After careful investigation of the scout's conduct in school, at home and at Scout meetings, the Council decides whether or not she is worthy of the honor called the "Silver Arrow"—the idea of which was taken from Longfellow's poem "Arrow and Song."

Up to the present time, there have been sixty-five Silver Arrows awarded. The Council, feeling that this is one of the honor groups of the Bronx, gave the girls a Silver Arrow Party and it was a great success. The girls were sent the following invitation:

"Diana, the chaste and beautiful queen of night, goddess of the silver bow, bids all her Silver Arrows scattered through the Bronx to a feast at the Club house at six o'clock, on the thirteenth of February. Come one, come all, eat and be merry! Members of the Council will greet you.

'Now glowed the firmament—
With living sapphires! Hesperus
that led
The starry host, rode brightest; till
the moon
Rising in cloudless majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveiled her peer-
less light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle
drew.'"

Diana, suitably dressed, greeted each girl at the door of the Club house. The house was decorated with huge silver arrows and silver triangles. The Silver Triangle will be the next highest award and the sides of the triangle will represent Honesty, Loyalty, and Fitness.

During the dinner, letters congratulating the girls, were read from prominent people, including Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, and Mr. Louis C. Tiffany. Miss Buckley, local director, spoke on Dependability and Mrs. Niles, Commissioner, brought out the fact that each girl should acquire this characteristic.

After dinner, Dr. Murrill, who is a member of the Council, presented the girls with autographed copies of his book "The Naturalist at a Boarding School." The rest of the evening the girls hunted for tiny



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H. CLYATT :: CAMP KNOX, KY.

THE FIRST OF MAY

By Virginia Matthias
Girl Scout Captain of Westport, Conn.

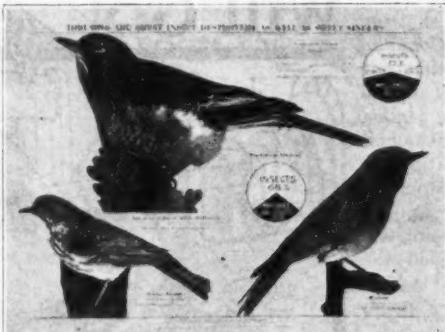
THE FIRST OF MAY is a charming fairy play. It is just the one for a May Day entertainment and has been successfully played by Girl Scout troops.

Orders can be sent to THE AMERICAN GIRL to receive the magazine containing this play at 15 cents per copy.

THE AMERICAN GIRL
189 LEXINGTON AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Watch Out!
You are going to lose something if you do not read our GET ACQUAINTED OFFER on Page 28 of this issue. It contains a wonderful opportunity for you.

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Get Acquainted with the Birds



Hey, girls, here's just what you want!

Bird Cards—24 in set
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arrows which were hidden throughout the Club house, and tried to see how many words they could form using the letters that appear in the words "Silver Arrow." The prizes for these games were an ink-stand made from a gun which was used on the Battleship "Maine" and a hat that was made by Dr. Murrill. After the games, the girls sang and listened to stories and then at 9:30 a very, very happy group of Scouts left the Club house.

Inasmuch as this party was given by the Council, every bit of work connected with the dinner, including the dish-washing, was done by the Council members, and so it was a real party!

PACIFIC GROVE, CALIF.

The Pine Cone Troop consisting of about nine girls was registered in May, 1920. Now there are seventeen Girl Scouts in our troop.

In November we had a food sale and cleared about \$25.00. With part of this, we bought our troop flag and also gave \$5.00 toward the Girl Scout Thrift Week Fund. We have monthly dues of five cents to buy whatever we need in our work.

Our meetings are held on Thursdays in the Boy Scouts' Gymnasium.

We are now studying about the birds in our vicinity and each scout has a scrap book containing something about each bird. The scout who had the nicest cover for her book, received a prize from the Captain, which was a First Aid Kit. As soon as we finish the birds we are going to study the flowers.

Three weeks ago was Boy Scout Week and they asked the Girl Scouts to help them out with their entertainment. So we put the Modern Version of Pyrimus and Thisbe. It was a great success and after Lent we are going to have an entertainment of our own.

R. E. M.

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LOUISA OF THE MILLIONS(Continued from page 13)
and Bob came tearing through the woods.

But Louisa had kicked off her pumps, and had plunged into the lake before anyone else had realized that one of the children had fallen in. Bob and Trix reached the little canoe dock together, but Nan stayed back with the children.

"Great Scotland! Look at that girl swim!" cried Bob.

Louisa had reached the child, and was swimming back with him with long easy strokes. It was only a short distance, and the next moment she stood up. The water came to her arm pits and she pushed the boy ahead of her.

"Bravo!" cried Bob, as he ran out on the dock. He leaned down and pulled the child up.

Louisa leaned against a piling, while she got her breath. "That's nothing," she said. "In our tank at home—" she stopped suddenly and laughed. "Do you know, I've always wanted to know what I would do if a person was actually drowning, and I can't remember for the life of me what I did do."

"Well, you'll hear all about it for years to come," said Trix. "She's all right, Nan," she called to her twin.

The youngster was frightened, but unharmed. They wrung him out, as best they could, and put him in the sun to dry.

"There's a canoe to be rescued yet," said Bob. "The little rascal got the rope unfastened, and was having a glorious time when he tipped her over. But first, I'll run you home, Louisa."

"Why not let me dry out here," said Louisa. "I'm a sight to go through town."

"Never mind that. The quicker you get into dry clothes the better," said Trix. "Bob close that wind shield."

"Tell mother that nobody's hurt, and we'll all be home soon," called out Nan from the doorway of the Lodge.

"All right, we're off," sung out Bob, as he started up the car. "Three cheers for our heroine, Louisa of the millions!"

Trix came back to the Lodge and sat down on the little porch step. She leaned her elbow on her knee, and cupped her chin in her hand.

"I never, no never in all my life thought it was in her" she said to Nan, who had joined her. "Wheeee! I feel as though I had been hit with a baseball somewhere around the waist."

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"Trix, you're getting terribly slangy," replied her twin. "I feel dizzy in my head. When I looked out of the door, and saw Louisa struggling in the water with that little imp, I nearly fainted."

"You poor dear," cried Trix, throwing her arms about Nan. "I ran away and left you, didn't I? But you were splendid at keeping the children together. Here, we are forgetting about them now, but from the noise inside I guess they are enjoying themselves. Well, honey, we started out to show Louisa what a real family was like, but she has turned the tables and shown us what a heroine she is!"

THE END

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

Just one year ago in February, several girls requested the formation of a troop. The following August, twelve scouts and their Captain were organized as Holly Troop No. 1. It grew steadily until now it is complete with 32 members. In a few more weeks we shall all be Tenderfoot Scouts, and a number will become Second Class. We are so eager to begin earning our badges!

We hold four monthly meetings, three of them being in a cozy room with a playground adjoining, the fourth meeting an all day hike. On these occasions, we practice trail-finding, observation, play games and train for longer hikes later in the Spring. Our Scouts read with some envy of all the snow-parties, skating, and skiing, as many of them have never seen snow except perhaps at a distance.

Not least among our many pleasures is that of "Service," whenever possible. On Thanksgiving day the Scouts visited three hospitals bringing flowers, books and records. At Christmas, we assisted at the Recreation Center program. We collected warm clothing, toys and fruits, made candy stockings and trimmed little trees. We assisted the Visiting Nurse's Association to distribute these. One Scout wrote a letter to an elderly semi-invalid lady in Michigan, who is keenly alive to outside interests, particularly those of young people.

A second Troop, Pine Cone No. 11, is organizing, and is already half completed.

E. M.,
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BREAD ON THE WATER

(Continued from page 10)
the girls of that fact, however, when she failed to line up with the sprinters. Several of them argued to persuade her to enter the race, but Miss Wood made no comment at Margaret's decision not to run. She did exclaim, however, when the Hammon Twin announced her intention of jumping. "Jump? What do you know about jumping?"

"Well, you said I couldn't run, either, so what's the difference?" Margaret replied, somewhat nettled at the tone.

"Go ahead and prove it if you think you can," was Miss Wood's only remark, and with that encouragement from the track coach, Margaret joined the jumpers at the pit.

They were starting at three feet. As her name was called, the Hammon Twin jumped the bar clumsily. It was raised three inches. When her name was called the next time, she looked up from where she was lying wrapped in a blanket. "I

"Then you're out," the scorer remarked, starting to cross off the name.

"No, I'm not, either!" Margaret leaped up. "I'm credited with three feet, but I'm not out till I fail three times."

Miss Wood, when appealed to, supported the claim. "You got tired very quickly, didn't you?" she sneered.

The remark riled Margaret. "That height is too easy," she burst out before she thought. "I want to wait until it's worth while to jump."

The gymnasium teacher shrugged her shoulders. "So you're going to be a champion high jumper, are you? Is that easier than running?"

Margaret squatted down without replying, but under her blanket she clenched her fists. She would jump to prove it to them. Yet she made no attempts as the bar was lifted higher and higher. Finally with the height four feet four, only three other girls were left, a senior, the college champion, and two junior girls. In the next run, one of the juniors failed.

Miss Wood again approached Margaret. "Is this high enough for you? And will you condescend to jump now?"

Margaret finally could stand it no longer. She was raging angry inside, but she seemed listless enough as she walked slowly until with fifteen feet of the standards. Then she broke into a run and without effort cleared the bar. "Lucky, wasn't I?" she observed lightly, as Miss Wood stared at her in surprise.



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Two inches more put the other junior out. Margaret passed, and the bar was raised to four feet seven inches for the college champion to equal her record. Word had been spread about that there was a record in danger and the girls stood closely about the pit, raising a shout as the Senior cleared the bar.

Then the cross piece was lifted another inch. After a short rest, the senior tried again. A slight stumble threw her out of her stride and she knocked down the wood. After it was replaced, she made her second trial, failing to clear it.

While she rested, Margaret threw her sweater and walked back to the end of the clear path. Most of the girls gazed in wonder, not realizing that there was anyone left to compete. But Margaret paid no attention to them. She saw only the mocking smile on Miss Wood's face. "She thinks I can't," Margaret muttered as she danced up and down on her toes to limber her muscles. "But I'll show her!"

It became absolutely quiet as she stopped and faced the jumping standards. Then she jogged down the path. At each step she increased her pace. She kept assuring herself that it was easy, that she could jump it without trying, and her eyes were glued on the narrow wooden bar. She was almost there.

Then, just before she left the ground, a voice behind her; penetrating and hysterical, screamed, "Here comes the cow!"

Up she leaped, straightening herself out with that little kick of her foot and the twist of her right shoulder and arm that for weeks she had been practicing in secret. And as she fell, landing on her hands and knees in the soft sand on the other side, she looked up quickly. The bar was still in place. She had jumped it.

What difference did it make if the senior did fail to clear it on her third trial, or if Margaret went down when they raised it another inch for her next trial? Certainly none of the freshmen, cheering their victorious classmate, cared. Miss Wood, coming up to congratulate Margaret, did not seem to grieve at the unexpected event. "I knew you could do it, Miss Hammon," she cried laying her hand on Margaret's shoulder.

The girl stared in amazement at the gymnasium director. The tone sounded sincere enough. "But I thought you—"

"You thought I was disgusted with you, didn't you? You're wrong. I've known several months that you were a natural high-jumper. I

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wanted to coach you myself, but I realized that your temperment would make you work harder to prove me wrong if I pretended to doubt your ability. I knew, though. Here comes Miss Cole. She'll probably confess now that she told me the secret right after Easter."

But Tommy was not thinking about that when she ran up and threw her arm around Margaret. "I knew you could!" she shouted. "Oh, it was wonderful. You've broken the college record and won your numeral and perhaps your letter, too. But how you jumped when you thought your life was in danger and the cow was coming! That's why I yelled. And now I must run down and telegraph my brother."

"Wait till I get dressed, Tommy," Margaret cried, catching her arm and starting with her toward the gymnasium. "We'll go down and send it to him together."

THE END

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Official Price List of Flags

Notice: Two weeks are required to letter troop flags.

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SIZE	MATERIAL	PRICE
2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.70
3x5 ft.	Wool	3.50
4x6 ft.	Wool	4.50
3x5 ft., 8½ inches		4.50

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Eagle Emblem—separate		2.50
Spear Emblem—separate		1.50
Flag Carrier		2.50

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2x3 ft.	Wool	\$2.50	10c per letter
2½x4 ft.	Wool	4.00	15c " "
3x5 ft.	Wool	5.50	20c " "
4x6 ft.	Wool	8.00	20c " "
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For Equipment Price List see pages 2 and 3.

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